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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

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SKETCH OF CATHOLICITY IN PENNSYLVANIA PRIOR TO 1800.

"ITE, DOCETE," Go and teach, was the command which fell from the lips of our Divine Lord, when he commissioned his disciples, who then constituted the teaching body of the Church, to "go forth and teach all nations." That divinely constituted teaching body, into whose custody were given the words of eternal truth, has never forgotten or neglected its high and holy commission. The Catholic missionary has gone into all parts of the world to carry the glad tidings of man's redemption, and his name may be read over and over again in the long catalogue of martyrs, who have given evidence of the faith that was in them, and of the truth and holiness of their commission by sacrificing their lives in the performance of its duties.

The very mention of the word martyr carries us back to the days of the persecution of the early Christians by the Roman emperors; and we are too apt to forget that there is scarcely a country in the world that has not its own *martyrologium*. Nor is our country an exception, for the soil of New Mexico, Florida, Virginia, Maine, New York, Illinois, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and California, has been dyed with the blood of many a pious priest and devoted religious. From the martyrdom of Father Juan de Padilla, O. S. F., in New Mexico, in 1541, down to the tragic death of Father Dias, another Franciscan, at Nacogdoches, La., in 1832, the *Martyrologium Americanum* includes 31 Franciscans, 20 Jesuits, 2 Dominicans, 1 Sulpitian, and 2 secular priests.* These are *known* to have fallen either at the stake, like Father John de Brebeuf; under the tomahawk, like the Saint Joques, in New York, or whilst ministering to his flock like Father Daniel. But who shall estimate the number of those who have fallen under the heat and burden of the day? The number of this heroic band is known only to God.

But it is not only from the fury of the "sons of the forest" that the Catholic missionary has had to suffer. The penal laws of Europe crossed the ocean with those who came to America for "conscience's sake," and when Protestant conscience persecuted Protestant conscience, it cannot be wondered at if Catholic conscience suffered likewise. It is

* See Dunigan's American Catholic Almanac for 1859, page 38.

from this kind of presentation, growing out of an ignorance of Catholic doctrines, that the early Catholics of Pennsylvania suffered most. The "tolerant spirit" of William Penn was not participated in by all the men who followed him to the colony he founded upon the banks of the Delaware. Hence it is that Father Creighton first came to Philadelphia in the garb of a Quaker,* and Father Schneider was sometimes obliged to travel *incognito*, under the name of *Dr.* Schneider.

The Catholics of Pennsylvania enjoyed comparative peace, however, until the breaking out of the war between France and England. Governor Morris, writing to Governor Dinwiddie, in January, 1775, for the purpose of taking precautionary measures for protecting the colonies against the French, and condemning the course of the Assembly in refusing to grant royal supplies in the particular manner in which he desired, gave as one reason for the conduct of the Assembly: "The majority of the electors here are Germans, unacquainted with our language and constitution, and *many of them are Roman Catholics.*"

Those fears were increased when, on November 18th, 1755, three vessels arrived in the Delaware, bringing *four hundred and fifty-four French Roman Catholics.* The absurdity of these fears will at once be seen when we remembers that these "French Neutrals," as they were called, were a part of those ill-fated Acadians, who had been shipped from the island of Nova Scotia by the infamous order of the British government and scattered all over the country. Of the above number scarcely one-third were able-bodied men; the others still longed for their beloved Acadia, for the friends and relatives from whom they had been ruthlessly separated. They thought of that awful moment, when without an instant's warning, they were summoned to the village church of Gran-Pré, and there told that this was to be their home no more, and that the ships were ready to bear them to their exile. They thought of their homes desolated by the torch of the cruel usurper; they thought of him who died broken-hearted on the sea-shore, and whose sad obsequies Longfellow describes as follows:

"Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Gran-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'Twas the returning tide, that far from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of day came, heaving and hurrying, landward.
Then commenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins." *

This little band of broken-hearted and dying Catholic Acadians was looked upon with great suspicion and even with fear. "Such was their treatment," says Mr. Walsh, in a note to "Walsh's Appeal," "which they had experienced that, notwithstanding the charitable attentions which they received after their arrival in Philadelphia, more than one-half of them died in a short time." From these particulars we may judge how far they were fitted "to strengthen the parties which hovered about the frontiers." Still, the fears entertained concerning Catholics, at that time groundless as they were, led to the adoption of very stringent measures against them, as we shall show further on.

But, in spite of all opposition, the Lord's husbandman had visited the soil of Pennsylvania, and had planted, with an open hand, the seed of that faith which never dies. The seed fell upon good soil, and fructified, and lo! a great tree has

* A tradition handed down by Archbishop Neale, given in full further on.

* Evangeline, close of Part I.

grown up which has borne abundant fruit.

The minutes of the proceedings of the Provincial Council of the Colony of Pennsylvania, held in Philadelphia in July, 1734, will give an idea of the difficulties and obstacles which surrounded the establishment and early career of Catholicity in this State. They are extracted from the *Colonial Records of Pennsylvania,* published by the State:

"The Governor then informed the board that he was under no small concern to hear that a house, lately built in Walnut Street, in this city (Philadelphia), had been set apart for the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, and is commonly called a Popish Chapel, where several persons, he understands, resort on Sunday, to hear mass openly celebrated by a Popish Priest; that he conceives the tolerating the public exercise of that religion to be contrary to the laws of England, etc., etc.; but those of that persuasion, imagining they have a right to it from some general expressions in the Charter of Privileges, granted to the inhabitants of this government by the late honorable proprietor, William Penn, he was desirous to know the sentiments of the board on the subject."

In consequence of the different views of the law, the matter was, after much discussion, "left to the Governor, if he thinks fit to represent the matter to our superiors at home for their advice and direction in it."

It is evident, therefore, that a number of Catholics must have settled in Pennsylvania at the very commencement of the colony, for, as early as 1686, William Penn makes allusion to "the old priest of Philadelphia." Bernard U. Campbell, in his *Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll,* says that the first chapel where divine worship was offered in 1686, was a wooden building, on the northeast corner of Front and Walnut Streets. Watson, in his *Annals of Philadelphia,* mentions a second chapel, built before 1736,* near the corner of Second and Chestnut Streets, which seems to have somewhat annoyed the non-Catholic people, on account of its being used as a "papal chapel in so public a place." Miss Elizabeth McGawley's chapel, on the Nicetown Road, was well known to Catholics in 1729. It was attended by the Rev. John Michael Brown, of whom we shall speak further on.

Among the earliest missionaries who labored in Pennsylvania may be mentioned the Rev. Josiah Creighton, S.J., the founder of St. Joseph's Church, who, "in 1733, was formally commissioned by the proper authority in Maryland to settle in Philadelphia. By him a lot was purchased near Fourth Street and south of Walnut Street, and a small chapel erected of one story. It was dedicated to St. Joseph, and afterwards enlarged to the dimensions of 40 x 40 feet as the society increased in numbers."† Besides Father Creighton we have Rev. William Wappelar, S.J., who founded the mission at Conewago; Rev. Theodore Schneider, S.J., the father of the mission at Goshenhoppen; the Rev. Robert Molineaux, S.J., and the Rev. James Pellentz, S.J., who, together with the Rev. Ferdinand Farmer, S.J., Rev. Luke Geisler, and the Rev. Joseph Ritter, S.J., appear to have attended all the stations comprised within the limits of the present Dioceses of Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and Newark, N. J. Father Farmer extended his excursions as far as New York.

The Rev. John Michael Brown (mentioned above) was one of the first priests of Philadelphia, and missionary to the earliest emigrants and Indians. He had a chapel, as already stated, on the Nicetown Road, about a mile and a half from the

* The late Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburg, in his Seminary Report for 1840, fixes this date at 1700.
† Mease's Picture of Philadelphia in 1811.

present St. Stephen's Church. William Penn and ex-Governors Logan and Dickinson claimed his lands by a grant from the Crown. This chapel, it is supposed, was built by Miss McGawley, and was "*connected* with her house, to enable Catholics to attend divine service under the protection which was afforded by a private residence,"* as "public mass-houses" were objectionable to most Protestants then in power. Father Brown died in 1750, and was buried near his chapel, which was still standing in 1864, in which year Rev. M. W. Gibson, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, Nicetown, had the remains removed to the cemetery attached to his church. The original head-stone over Father Brown's grave was broken by a band of fanatics during the memorable riots of 1844.

Among the oldest churches (missions) in that portion of the State now under consideration, we may mention St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, which was founded in 1733, forty-three years before the reading of the Declaration of Independence. The Church of the Sacred Heart at Conewago was founded in 1741, as was also the Church of the Blessed Sacrament at Goshenhoppen. This latter mission seems to have been a sort of mother-house for the country missions. It was founded by the Rev. Theodore Schneider, S.J., in 1741, and, four years later, he built the original chapel. Father Schneider was succeeded in 1764 by the Rev. Joseph Ritter, S.J., and he by Father Krakowski, a Livonian Jesuit, who was succeeded in 1836 by the present incumbent, the Rev. Augustine Bally, S.J., who is its *fourth* pastor, and has for over *forty* years ministered to the wants of the Catholics of that region. Goshenhoppen (now Churchville) appears to have been considered of more importance than all the others by those who had charge of the Pennsylvania missions in the infancy of the colony. From data at hand it appears that Philadelphia was attended by a clergyman from that place during several years. Within a few miles of Goshenhoppen there once stood, and perhaps still stands, a house, which was pointed out by the people of the neighborhood, where their ancestors told them that the first priests had resided.

Old St. Mary's Church, Lancaster,* was founded in 1745, and was attended by Rev. Father Wappeler, Father Geisler, and the Rev. Ferdinand Farmer, of holy memory.

In 1763 St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, was built on Fourth Street, above Spruce (then out of the built-up part of the city). It was worth about $50,000. The lot on which the church was built was granted to Rev. Robert Harding in 1760. It was given on condition that a church be erected there. The church was transferred by will from Father Harding to the Rev. John Lewis, by him to the Rev. Father Molineaux, and again by him to the Rev. Francis Neale. A body of trustees was recognized as a body politic by an act of the Pennsylvania Legislature, dated September 13th, 1788. These trustees were incorporated, to administer the finances of the church, and were the source of endless vexations, and sent the first two Bishops of Philadelphia prematurely to the grave. St. Mary's was enlarged in 1810.

In 1788 the number of German Catholics was sufficiently large to warrant their building a church for themselves. Accordingly Holy Trinity Church, corner of Sixth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, was erected in that year. It was quaint in shape, being what might be called half-hexagon. It was built of old-fashioned brick, and the roof was trussed and girded. Its original dimensions

* B. U. Campbell's Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll.

* There is a small church, about seven miles from Elizabethtown, Lancaster County, which the tradition of the neighborhood describes as the very oldest in the State.—*Bishop O'Connor's Seminary Report for* 1840.

was 100 x 61 feet, and was without galleries. It was considerably damaged by fire in June, 1860, but has since been very handsomely remodelled inside.

St. Peter's Church, Reading, was founded in 1791. Prior to this the Catholics of Reading worshipped in a little frame structure, erected by the early missionaries. In this year a brick building was erected near where the Reading Railroad now passes, and this was attended occasionally from Goshenhoppen, Lancaster, and Philadelphia. In 1844 a new brick church was erected by the Jesuit Fathers who then attended the mission. Rev. Terrence J. O'Donoghoe, founder of St. Michael's Church, Philadelphia, was also instrumental in the erection of this church.

In 1793 a small brick church known as Christ's Church, was built at West Chester, at the western end of Gay Street, near the brow of what was long known as "Chapel Hill." In 1853 it was replaced by a much larger and handsomer church dedicated to St. Agnes. In its early days, this mission like the one at Reading and others, looked to Goshenhoppen, Philadelphia, and later to Wilmington, Delaware, for its spiritual ministrations. The old baptismal registers bear the names of Rev. P. R. Kenrick (now Archbishop of St. Louis), Rev. Goerge A. Carrell, S.J. (late Bishop of Covington, Ky.), Rev. Peter Kenny, and Rev. Patrick Reiley, now the venerable and honored Vicar-General of the Diocese of Wilmington, Del.

In the year 1800 St. Augustine's Church was solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God. It was built by the Rev. Dr. Matthew Carr, a hermit of St. Augustine, who arrived in Philadelphia with a band of Augustinian Fathers in 1790. The erection of St. Augustine's Church was followed by the enlargement of St. Mary's in 1810, and by the addition of twenty-seven feet to the length of St. Joseph's in 1824. In 1828 St. John's was built in a style of splendor and magnificence that surpassed that of every other church then in Philadelphia. This was followed by the erection in rapid succession of St. Michael's (1831), St. Francis's, the present St. Joseph's, St. Philip's (1840), and St. Patrick's (1841), the last two being spacious and commodious, and built on the free-seat plan.

In the *Picture of Philadelphia* for 1811, it is stated that there were supported at St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum (incorporated 1807) fifteen orphans. In 1842 there were supported at the asylums of St. Joseph's and St. John's more than one hundred and sixty orphans. We might mention in this connection that the Sisters of Charity arrived in Philadelphia September 29th, 1814; this was the first colony sent out by Mother Seton from her budding community at Emmettsburg, Md. It consisted of Mother Rose White and three Sisters. They immediately took possession of an asylum which harbored thirteen ragged little children, and which was burdened with a debt of $4000. This asylum had been organized in 1797 by a charitable association, for the purpose of sheltering those poor little unfortunates whose parents had been carried off by the yellow fever. They were for a time domiciled in a house near the Church of the Holy Trinity. This institution eked out a precarious existence, and would have failed entirely more than once had it not been for the persevering efforts of Rev. Michael Henley, pastor of St. Augustine's (in 1807), and by the generous aid of Mr. Cornelius Thiers. The advent of the Sisters was most providential. In less than three years their many trials and privations were rewarded by seeing their asylum relieved from debt, and by having means at their disposal to extend their aid to many more poor children. The asylum still exists at the corner of Seventh and Spruce Streets, and is under the maternal care of that

most excellent *religieuse* Sister Mary Gonzaga.

The first Catholic free school in the United States was established at St. Joseph's Church in 1783. There is no doubt that some of the fathers in those places where there was a resident priest, commenced the religious and secular education of the children under their charge at a very early period; but this is the *first* free school opened that we have any record of.

It has been our endeavor not to extend this article beyond the period mentioned in its title, and we have therefore dwelt only on the *rise* and *progress* of Catholicity during the last century, and before Philadelphia had grown into sufficient importance to be elevated to the dignity of an Episcopal See. Much more could be written to illustrate the trials and difficulties overcome by the early missionaries in their efforts to plant the faith in Pennsylvania; nor was persecution the least of these. As an illustration of this we will give the following tradition, as related by the Rev. Leonard Meale (afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore), who in 1796 was pastor and vicar-general in Philadelphia.

"The superior of the Jesuits in Maryland," says Father Neale, "having been informed that there were many Catholics in the capital of Pennsylvania, resolved to endeavor to establish a mission there. The priest assigned for this duty had an acquaintance in Lancaster, of the name of Doyle, whom he visited, and requested to furnish him the name of some respectable Catholic in Philadelphia. Being referred to a respectable old lady remarkable for her attachment to the ancient faith, he waited on her in the garb of a Quaker, and after making inquiries about the various denominations of Christians in the city, asked first if there were any Catholics, and finally, if she were one; to which she answered in the affirmative. He informed her that he also was of the same communion. Being informed that the Catholics had no place of worship, he desired to know if they would wish to have a church. To which the lady replied that they most certainly would; but the great difficulty would be to find a clergyman; for, although there were priests in Maryland, it was impossible to procure one from thence. He then informed the lady that he was a priest and of the intention of his visit. Overjoyed at the sight of a priest after so many years' privation of that consolation, she communicated the intelligence to her Catholic acquaintances, and invited them to meet at her house. A considerable number assembled, most of whom were Germans. The priest explained to them the object of his visit, and a subscription was immediately commenced to procure the means to purchase ground and build a church. With the money raised they purchased the house and lot belonging to the lady, who also acted very generously in promoting the undertaking."*

Nor was this priest the only one who in those times was occasionally obliged to travel *incognito*. The Rev. Theodore Schneider, the indefatigable founder of Goshenhoppen and many other stations, visited New Jersey in 1744 to say Mass at Iron Furnace. He was subjected to persecutions of various kinds, and was several times shot at in New Jersey. His medical knowledge enabled him to cure many sick, so that he sometimes travelled under the name of *Doctor* Schneider. Bishop Kenrick, of holy memory, found the friendly garb of the Quaker very convenient, when he donned it in 1844 to make his escape to Ivy Mills from the murderous fanatics who then delighted in burning Catholic churches, and in exterminating so far as lay in their

* Mr. Bernard U. Campbell in his Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll, supposes, and with much reason, that this priest must have been the Rev. Father Creighton.

power the Catholic clergy. The late Rev. Patrick Rafferty, who was pastor of St. Francis's Church, Fairmount (Philadelphia), during the riots, was seen and recognized more than once in the neghborhood of the State House wearing a blue dress-coat with brass buttons. But these days of persecution have happily passed away; they did the Church no harm, but, on the contrary, great good, for persecution is the life of the Catholic Church.

We have not yet referred to the Catholic population of Philadelphia and its environs, and this forms a very important item in estimating the progress of the faith. It appears that in 1733, when the whole population of Philadelphia was about 12,000, the number of Catholics was less than 500, that is, less than one in every 25 inhabitants. In 1757 Lord Loudon, commander of the British forces in America, at the command of his superiors, who were alarmed at the number of Catholics in the colony, especially after the "French neutrals" were brought to Philadelphia, asked that "a return of all the Catholics in Pennsylvania be made out and an enumeration of them also." It is unnecessary to say that these fears of a "Popish plot" were utterly groundless, nevertheless, no Catholic was allowed to possess arms or to do military duty, but he was not for that reason released from the *payment of militia tax*, which was quite a tax in those days. What a pity there were no public schools then! Our ancestors could have been taxed for their support *without being able to use them.*

In compliance with Lord Loudon's request, Rev. Father Harding prepared the following

LIST OF ALL THE ROMAN CATHOLICS IN PENNSYLVANIA IN 1757.

Under the care of Rev. Robert Harding.

	Men	Women
In and about Philadelphia, being all Irish or English,	72	78
" Chester County,	18	22

Under the care of the Rev. Theodore Schneider, S. J.

	Men	Women
In and about Philadelphia, being all Germans,	107	121
" Philadelphia County, but up the country,	15	10
" Berks County,	62	55
" Northampton County,	68	62
" " " Irish,	17	12
" Bucks County,	14	12
" Chester County,	13	9
" " " Irish,	9	6

Under the care of Rev. Ferdinand Farmer, S. J.

In Lancaster County, Germans,	108	94
" " " Irish,	22	27
" Berks County, Germans,	41	39
" " " Irish,	5	3
" Chester County, Germans,	3	—
" " " Irish,	23	17
" Cumberland County, Irish,	6	6

Under the care of Rev. Mathias Manners.

In York County, Germans,	54	62
" " " Irish,	35	38
	692	673

Total number of Catholics, April 29th, 1757, 1365.

It is probable that there is a mistake in this statement, either as to the number of Catholics or as to the date, for Father George Hunter, who was Superior of the Jesuits in this country in 1765, estimates the Catholic population of Pennsylvania in that year (1765) at about 6000; these he divides nearly equally into two parts, communicants and non-communicants, including children.

In 1811, when the whole population of Philadelphia was 110,000, the number of Catholics was set down at 15,000, or 1 to every 7 inhabitants. In 1840 the population of Philadelphia was 250,000, and the Catholic population was estimated at 45,000, or 1 to every 5 inhabitants. In the thirty years, between 1811 and 1841, the whole population a little more than doubled, while the Catholic population more than trebled. And, to-day, with its population of over 700,000, Philadelphia has a Catholic population of nearly 200,000, with some 40 churches and

about 112 priests, to say nothing of its magnificent theological seminary, and its numerous colleges and schools, and its benevolent and charitable institutions.

There is, most undoubtedly, much more to be said about the rise and progress of Catholicity in the time and space we have gone over. There are many good priests whose heroic labors we could have mentioned, not the least among whom is the Very Rev. Leonard Neale, V. G., of Philadelphia, and afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore. His labors during the yellow fever in the former city in 1793, and again in 1797 and 1798, are enough to render his name immortal. Fathers Geissler and Fleming, who were stricken down by this dire disease while attending to the sick, are also worthy of a special chapter. We might likewise speak of the first confirmation ever administered in Philadelphia, by Father Carroll, in 1798, whilst he was only Prefect Apostolic. But all these things, and many more we could mention besides, would take us far beyond the space allotted to our present article. Suffice it to say that the labors of the early missionaries in and around Philadelphia have brought forth the most abundant fruits, and the little grain of mustard-seed has under God's providence developed into a mighty tree. *Laus Deo.*

SHADOWS.

Out in the moonlight the shadows are lying
Sharply defined on the glittering snow.
Eerie and solemn the low wind is sighing,
Waking sad thoughts of the long, long ago.

Soft as the moonlight their footsteps are falling
Shadows that people my desolate room ;
Voices long hushed through the stillness are calling,
Lips cold and white flush again in their bloom.

One, with the mournful eyes, gentle Evangel
Treading earth's paths, that were thorny and dark,
Tranquilly meeting the smile of Death's angel,
Mooring in waters calm, Life's troubled bark.

One with the boyish brow lit with the brightness,
Manhood soon dims in the world's weary strife,
Bartering for wealth and ambition the whiteness
Purity shed o'er a beautiful life.

Two, with the clasped hands, stand at the altar,
Breathing the vows that but death shall estrange,
Love that in pain or care never should falter,
Shadows, earth shadows, how quickly ye change.

Swept by the cold wind the light snow is drifting,
Robing the mounds with its tissue of white,
Memory softly her white veil is lifting
From the lone graves in the sad heart to-night.

IN GOD'S KEEPING.

I.

AT SEA.

ALL the last part of the afternoon there had been a yellow light on the sea, not the rich glow of an ordinary sunset, but a sickly glare which shone from the edges of the cloud-masses in the west.

A boy, who had slyly crept into the boat at the brig's side, looked up, singing the quaint old rhyme:

> "Mackerel's scales and mare's tails,
> Make lofty ships to carry low sails."

The mate, too, glanced upward, and, impatiently turning, drove the urchin from his "coign of vantage." This brig, the Hawk, was not young, and time does not toughen fowls of her species. Fifteen days had she been out from Liverpool; she bore a full cargo and a few passengers, mostly friends of the captain who were working their passage, or who had been taken aboard from holy charity. Among the latter, two or three in number, were Kathleen Bryant and her little girl. It was enough to make the hardest heart ache—if the hardest heart *could* know such things—to forecast what such a creature should have to suffer in the bustling new world, where even sympathy would take a form which her warm Irish heart could never understand. She was a widow, young, timid, gentle, poor, with no one akin to her except the little child.

The yellow light faded from the sky, leaving the sea a dark, undefinable color, throbbing as if it were the heart of the universe. Then sea and sky deepened in gloom, and the Hawk was dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern; a low moan came from all quarters of the sea, and the winds were let loose.

Kathleen, in the dark cabin, clasped her child tight, for a crash, the sound of rushing water, and many shouts and cries struck her ears. She shrank closer to the wall of the cabin, pulling her shawl around the girl.

Little Kathleen only opened her large blue eyes, and looked intently into her mother's face.

"Lord, have mercy on us!"

And when the mother got as far as "Holy Mary," the child answered as she had been taught, "Pray for us!"

"Kathleen," whispered the mother, aroused from the stupor by the little girl's voice, "keep near to me, shut your eyes, and keep sayin' your prayers; and here, Kathleen, darlin'," she said, with a touch of that prophetical inspiration which only mothers have, "take these, and if anything should separate us!"—

The ship shivered in every plank. Crash of timber, boom of thunder, and the weak voices of men! The world seems to be near its end. Kathleen and her child are dragged on deck. She feels a sharp pain in her arm which is bruised against the gangway; she faints, clutching the old plaid shawl that holds her darling.

The wild waves have not left much plumage on that poor old bird, the Hawk. Captain, mate, and crew, have done their duty. The two boats, with all the brig's load of human beings, are tossing to and fro like thistle-down on a windy day.

A voice sounds even above the shrillness of the wind.

"Kathleen! my child, my child!"

The men in the captain's boat look at one another.

"Too bad, too bad!" mutters the captain; "the girl is in the mate's boat!"

"Sure, she is in God's keeping, wherever she is," says an old woman, frightened by the stony look

that comes over the young mother's face.

"My child, my child!"

Is it the wind that answers, "Mother?" for the mate's boat is out of sight.

II.

IN "SOCIETY."

"I DON'T know much about religion," said Alice Wesley; "but I do know what 'good' style is."

She daintily held her tiny teacup of scarlet and gold, and glanced around the room. She was of the prevailing blonde type, with fuzzy light hair, pulled down under her hat; a nose "tip tilted," as the laureate has it, and large, blue eyes, which she held under fashionable control; a complexion which was perfect "pale roseate" in gaslight or semi-gloom, but which showed a few freckles in daylight. She was standing near a cabinet of *bric-a-brac*, in a costume, soft and dark, which seemed, like the pictures of Ingres, to be a study of form rather than of color.

"For instance, my dear—I always speak confidentially to girls, for they find out everything, anyhow—I am ritualistic, because it is fashionable to be ritualistic. It is quite as good style here in Washington to be Catholic, you know; but then there is something too *real* about you Catholics. Now, uncle declares that I am Irish (I am anyhow, you know) and haven't any ancestors, though I *do* put the Wesley crest on my notepaper; uncle picked me up somewhere; he never will tell me where, —and that I ought to be a Catholic; but, my dear, some of you Catholics, particularly the Irish, are in such *fearful* style."

She paused, to bow to a young man who had just entered the room.

"Felix Woodward, I declare! As I was saying, it's bad form to be a Methodist here, although the Administration is Methodist, and yet at home uncle knows so many young ministers, that one usually has to assume *soupçon* of Methodism."

"But when you were at Notre Dame you liked to go to chapel."

The speaker was the young lady into whose ears Alice Wesley had been pouring her "ideas." She was taller, more graceful, not as pretty as Alice. Her brown hair was plainly arranged in the simple Grecian mode; and her costume, while faultless, was not ultra-fashionable. Her complexion was not pale, but colorless, which, with the regularity of her features, and the calm, thoughtful look in her eyes, suggested a head of Juno on an old cameo.

"Excuse me; I was not listening. I was watching the French Minister. I don't understand what the President means by letting foreign governments send so many married men to this country. An ambassador *must* be unmarried, in order to give American girls a chance. What were you saying, Helen?"

Helen Winter repeated her sentence.

"Of course. It was quite the proper thing to go to Mass there. It pleased the Sisters. Some more tea? Have some, too. It's really a pleasure to use these delicious Chinese cups. I like this kind of thing," she said, turning to the cabinet; "here is a vase carved by Cellini, and there, at your elbow, some lovely amber Bohemian glass, and beyond a set of Sèvres—just look at that Cupid on the plates driving his flock of yellow butterflies; and this majolica cat!"

"A lot of useless *roba*," said Helen Winter, indifferently, "which costs money, and does nobody good. It is not like a fine painting. Everybody can understand a picture; but how many people here know whether the shape of that vase painted by Boucher is modern or antique."

"Well, Boucher vases and Minton ware means culture"—

"What is culture?"

Alice showed her white teeth in a quizzical little smile, and said, after a pause, "To know more odd things than anybody else, to believe yourself superior to the *canaille*, to quote Brahma and the Vedas, to admire Wagner, Swinburne, and Baudelaire, to find moral things immoral because they are *not* true art, and immoral things moral, because they *are* true art. I am a critic."

Both girls laughed, and Alice continued.

"Mrs. Houghton is asking Felix Woodward to sing. He has a fair tenor and sings rather nicely. I like the singing at a kettledrum; it relieves restraint; under cover of it you can talk in your natural tone, and you are not obliged to whisper as if you were at a funeral. He begins. Old Feoli (who has been *attaché* ever since Washington's time) plays the accompaniment."

"Let us listen."

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.
'Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands,
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man, and master of his fate.'"

Felix Woodward's voice was strong and clear; and he gave the words with an energy that seemed to bid defiance to Fortune. Helen looked at him with interest. He was young, not particularly handsome; there was an expression of reserved power about him that attracted her.

Alice betrayed a little amusement.

"You seem interested. He's only a bookkeeper, or something of that kind, out on a holiday. Mrs. Houghton invites him because he is a Southern relative—has seen better days, and that sort of thing. He'd be nice to flirt with, but, of course, no girl who respects herself will ever marry him."

"Why not."

"*Why not!* For the very sufficient reason that he has no money."

"But she might love him sufficiently"—

"Pardon me, my dear," interrupted Alice, with an air of patronage, "you are either very hypocritical or very unsophisticated. Love is bad form; but *you* haven't the slightest occasion to bother about the 'coming man.' Mr. Vincy"—

A flush reddened Helen's brow. Alice fortunately was enabled to retrieve her mistake. "Let me present Mr. Woodward."

Felix Woodward bowed, and said something about a pleasant afternoon. Alice chatted gaily, but with more reserve.

"We have been talking of religion," she said, with a determination to force her companion to talk; "Miss Winter is quite devout—*enfant de Marie*, and all that."

"An excellent thing in a woman. Men are religious nowadays because they are good, but no man is good because he is religious. Religion has lost its power."

"He is rude," thought Helen, "or too frank." Her eyes sparkled. She spoke. "If you were a Catholic, Mr. Woodward, you could daily see that religion has not lost its power."

"Ah, you are a Catholic, Miss Winter? I know some Catholics, poor and rich; the poor ones, I admit, are devout, because they are taught to be; with the rich and educated ones, religion is a mere æsthetic sentiment. They go to Mass, and like the music and pomp; but that does not prevent them from doing what they please. They are too 'superior' to mingle with the herd of their co-religionists. I admire your religion, Miss Winter; but I think that educated Catholics are generally supercilious to their brethren and apologetic to dissenters, and that the mass is uneducated and ill-bred."

Helen was surprised, and somewhat indignant. "He is ill-bred," she thought, "but there is, from his point of view, some truth in what he says."

"No doubt the crowds that fol-

lowed our Lord were uneducated, and I don't suppose they all knew the best-bred manner of eating their loaves and fishes," she said.

"Oh, Mr. Vincy!" Alice exclaimed. A gentleman, apparently about forty years of age, stood beside Helen's chair. He wore mutton-chop whiskers, and was attired in the most pronounced English fashion. His head was bald on the top; his face florid; there was no expression about him, except one of exalted self-satisfaction. He was Mr. Vincy, the millionaire. He had made his money by means of a natural aptitude for laying out railroads in Russia. He believed in himself; he wanted a foreign mission and a ladylike wife. You know all about him that is worth knowing, except that he was supposed to be the *parti* for whom Helen was destined by her parents.

Felix Woodward was not handsome; in fact, not as handsome as Mr. Vincy; but he looked like a gentleman, and wore no jewelry, while Mr. Vincy's malachite sleeve-buttons, studded each with a ruby, and his gorgeous ring and chain, made Alice curl her lip, while she admired the jewels themselves.

"Nice little party; nice little party! You should have seen the reception the Czar gave in my honor, though, after I had finished that railroad to Loutchinova. It was a stunner; no cakes and weak tea. Champagne, worth more than you'd make in four years, sir."

"Pardon me, but do you collect the income tax, sir?"

Alice held up her handkerchief to prevent giggling. "Permit me to introduce Mr. Woodward, Mr. Vincy?"

"Not necessary, not necessary," said Mr. Vincy in swelling tones; "we have met before, down town."

"I have forgotten you." And bowing to the ladies, Felix Woodward went to another part of the room.

A frown appeared on Mr. Vincy's pink forehead. "Clerk down town. How does he come here? Mrs. Houghton ought to be more careful."

"This is a republican country, Mr. Vincy," said Helen.

"Wrong principle—wrong principle entirely."

Alice's nonsense soon made Mr. Vincy regain his good humor. In a short time Mrs. Winter, who chaperoned Helen, came up, and the girls separated.

Helen rode home in a state of dissatisfaction. *Cui bono!* Alice made her sad, Mr. Vincy was vulgar and "horrid" (for the first time); the world was hollow. "I will be a nun," she thought. Before they reached her father's house, on Capitol Hill, she forgot this thought in the attempt to discover what interested her in Felix Woodward, who was certainly brusque and ill-bred, and yet there was something about him—

III.

"IPHIGENIA!"

Mr. Winter's pampered London coachman was drunk on the day of Mrs. Houghton's kettledrum, consequently Helen and her chaperon had to wait some time in the hall at Mrs. Houghton's while Jehu clumsily manœuvred the carriage up to the sidewalk. The strength and chilliness of Washington wind is proverbial; and Mrs. Winter, who was delicate at all times, took cold. She was one of those delicate people who are always on the verge of death apparently, and when, in ten days' time, she died of pneumonia, everybody was surprised, although everybody had expected that sad event for the last ten years.

The dead woman and Helen had loved each other devotedly. They had been confidantes, friends, companions to an extent which is very rare nowadays between mothers and daughters.

Mrs. Winter had lived a gentle, harmless life, and she died in the Catholic faith.

Her husband was of the worldly order. There had been little sympathy between him and his wife, and none whatever between him and Helen. He paid her bills and admired her because other people congratulated him on having such a charming daughter. He was the owner of some very wealth-productive cotton mills in Massachusetts, and just at present he was much preoccupied in lobbying an important bill through Congress, consequently his wife's death was a matter of secondary interest, as she herself had been for a long time. Helen was the only real mourner, and the care and sorrow drove all other thoughts out of her mind. Her days were spent in religious reading and prayer. What is life? she asked herself, and answered, The vestibule of death. These days were bitter-sweet and solemn. It was a relief that her father never required her presence except at dinner, when she usually met Mr. Vincy, who talked of the value of his new cottage at Newport, his railroad to Loutchinova, and his contempt for all men who were not self-made, until his host nipped him with a touch of gentlemanly sarcasm, and reduced the conversation to a monologue on the prospects of his bill. After a time these quiet days grew long. Helen became restless. She was tired of Mr. Vincy. He laughed too loud, and jeered openly at everything he did not understand—religion, art, music.

"He is not a gentleman," she thought; "he despises poor people, and respects only those who are wealthy; he thinks that money is everything. I wonder if Mr. Woodward—but why Mr. Woodward? He is no better than anybody else"—

A knock at her door. Alice Wesley entered, bright, pretty, and voluble as usual.

"How well you look in black, dear—like a lady out of Dante Rossetti's poems—mediæval, you know; and you are a girl who need not trouble yourself about your looks either; your '*beau mon*' is secured; at the German the other night, Mr. Vincy posed for 'a forsaken swain,' you not being there."

"Alice!"

"What a queer girl you are! You don't seem at all delighted at the prospect of marrying a million. I would be wild with delight, although Mr. Vincy is the most detestably vulgar man I know; still a million"—

"*Alice!*"

"Oh, what's the use of girls being hypocritical to each other. By the way, I just ran in to borrow a pin for this lace at my neck. I'm in a dreadful hurry to promenade on the Avenue in this lovely sunshine; and I've lost my pin—that lovely one, with the figure of Œnone. Can't you lend me one?"

Helen produced a box of glittering trifles. Alice selected a large, carved cross of black bog-oak.

"This is odd and pretty. Ta! ta! ma belle! I wish you would come with me."

"I am going to Vespers. It is a holy day."

"Saint Agnes!"

It was just after luncheon. There were several hours to pass before dinner. Helen was in the mood for a long walk. She had it in her mind to ride to Georgetown, and cross the bridge to Arlington. She knew the road, and the sadness of the place harmonized with her melancholy. But she did not care to go through the Virginia woods alone. She finally took an aimless walk, and at vespertime found herself under the arches of St. Dominic's.

The majestic swell of the organ, the forms of the fathers in their black and white robes amid the haze of incense, and the atmosphere of prayer, were better for her than the sadness

of Arlington; and her mind, heart, and soul were satisfied.

Coming out, her eyes were full of the glory of the stained window over the organ, irradiated by golden light, and she did not notice a gentleman at the gate, until he spoke, half-involuntarily,

"Miss Winter!"

"Mr. Woodward! I have not seen you since Mrs. Houghton's afternoon."

There was a pause. Pauses are full of meaning, and this pause meant that one had been thinking of the other. In their thoughts they had become friends; and now it was necessary to go from the ideal to the real. They were both trying to do this.

"You have had a sad time since that afternoon."

"Very sad."

"You said a few chance words that afternoon which have been in my mind ever since. You said that Catholics were *governed* by their religion, and that they did not make it a thing of convenience."

"I meant to say that, whether I did or not," said Helen.

"Well, I thought I knew to the contrary, and I said so; but I have discovered that I judged from superficial premises."

"I *know* you did," she said, earnestly.

"I had heard of *your* charity and goodness"—

Helen's face reddened, partly from annoyance, partly from pleasure that he should praise her, even with second-hand praise.

"I do not like compliments."

"I did not mean to compliment you. I meant to show you what your example has led to; but you jumped at a conclusion. Do I look like a man who would pay compliments?"

Helen thought: "What a strange man! His apparent rudeness is only earnestness!"

"I have come to the conclusion that your religion is the only one that governs men's passions and impulses. All men need to be restrained and governed. In a few days I will be a Catholic. Pray for me!"

He bowed and turned the corner.

"He *is* rude!" thought Helen. "I wanted to talk to him."

And Helen thought of him until she reached Capitol Hill.

He had come back to the corner, and watched her until she reached the Avenue.

"A true woman," he said; "what a wife she would make for a good man! And yet I know so little of her!"

That evening, after dinner, Alice brought back the cross. There was a worried look on her face.

"I had an adventure," she said, in an agitated way. "I had not gone far to-day, when I noticed that I was followed by an old woman, with a basket on her arm; a withered, meanly-dressed old woman, Helen; she passed and repassed me, turned around, and looked sharply at me several times; at last, she cried out, as if she were about to have a fit, 'Kathleen, Kathleen, is it you, my child?' Her voice frightened me. I ran into a store, and somebody sent her away. Oh, Helen, if that common old woman should be my—my—MOTHER!"

Moisture came into Helen's eyes.

"It would be happiness"—

"*Happiness!*" cried Alice. "I am nearly wild with dread! That coarse, common thing *my* mother! I will go away and hide. I will deny her, even if she prove it! I will!"

"There is no fear," said Helen, trying to conquer a feeling of repulsion to this heartless Sybarite; "I heard your uncle telling papa that you are the daughter of his brother, who married a poor Irish girl"—

"I know! He says that; but I do not believe it. He will tell me nothing of my parents; and *she* may be my mother. I will *never* own her!"

Alice's culture and refinement had become weeds which had killed those flowers that spring from the heart and soul.

"Mr. Vincy will call to-morrow evening," said Mr. Winter, when Alice had gone. "He intends to propose. Of course, you will say yes."

The blood flew to Helen's brow.

"Papa, I do not love him."

"What has that to do with the matter? Don't be foolish, girl. He is worth a million."

"I don't care"—

"*I* do. My will has been defeated. I was so sure of its success that I mortgaged everything to push it. I must have this millionaire for my son-in-law, or I shall be ruined. You *must* marry Mr. Vincy." He said all this slowly, calmly, as was his wont.

Helen burst into tears.

"Iphigenia!" sneered Mr. Winter, "a modern young woman weeps at the thought of sacrificing herself for a million. 'Tis passing strange!"

She prayed for strength, for light. Marry Mr. Vincy! The thought filled her with horror. Be the means of ruining her father. She could not, she could not!

The next morning, after a sleepless night, she sought relief in one of her long walks. Again, fatigued, she knelt in St. Dominic's. The church seemed cold and empty. She prayed desperately. God could save her, if he would.

"Are there two of them?"

These whispered words made her turn.

There was an old woman, with pinched features, poorly clad, at the end of the pew.

"If you please, Miss," said the old woman, timidly, "an' I hope you'll not think it strange for me to be askin'. Is that cross you wear at your throat yours?"

"Certainly," answered Helen, amazed.

"Have you a rosary, Miss; an old one, of small white beads, and big black ones, with no crucifix, but only a broken sixpence, the first thing my husband gave me, on the chain?"

The woman ran over the words with such trembling eagerness that Helen scarcely understood her at first.

Helen hesitated. In a drawer at home lay an old black and white rosary, from which the crucifix had been broken; and to which was attached a broken sixpence. This was the first plaything that Helen remembered.

"I have such a rosary," said Helen, "but let us leave the church. We can talk elsewhere."

The woman did not heed her. Her wrinkled face turned pale, revealing very plainly the blue circles around her eyes, set there by years of suspense and tears. She staggered and fell against the side of the pew. Helen caught her hands.

"Thank you, acushla," said the woman, with a wistful look. "Sure you have her eyes clear as the sky at home! Do you go by the name of Winter?"

"I am Helen Winter."

"Not Kathleen?"

"No." Helen's self-possession was taking leave of her. This woman must be insane, and yet, as usual, Helen could feel, but not think.

"You are my girl! My Kathleen!"

Kathleen Bryant—aged by care and the hope that maketh the heart sick—prostrated herself in the aisle and said her Nunc Dimittis. After a silence which was eloquent, Kathleen arose, her face bathed in tears.

"If you're happier, my child, with your rich friends than you would be with me, stay; but oh, let me see you sometimes."

Helen was bewildered. She said, "Come home with me, and speak to Mr. Winter."

As they went along Kathleen Bry-

ant told how she had lost her child the night the Hawk was wrecked, nineteen years ago; that, after a long search, she found the mate of the brig in New York, and heard that he had given the child into the care of a rich lady, Mrs. Winter, who had promised to bring her up in the Catholic fath. Kathleen now ceased to seek her child. She worked hard and was thrifty. She wanted money, only that she might find her child; and she had amassed sufficient to allow her, with frugality, to search everywhere, from morning to night.

"Sure, I put that cross into the old shawl that was around you, and gave you that rosary the last thing, darlin'!"

Helen led her mother up to her luxuriously-furnished room.

"I can't take you away from all this, darlin'," cried poor Kathleen, with a heavy weight at her heart. "I am poor."

"I will go where you go, mother."

This broke the ice. Helen felt that she had found her mother. That withered old woman had suddenly become more precious than the whole world.

What scientist can explain the thing? It was not reasonable. Helen wanted no proof. This woman was her mother.

Mr. Winter did not come home to dinner. The mother and daughter dined together upstairs, much to the amazement of the servants.

Later, when Mr. Vincy came, Helen led Kathleen into the parlor.

"My mother, Mr. Vincy."

The millionaire opened his mouth until the gold plate of his false teeth showed. His face expressed surprise and disgust when he recovered himself. Then Helen explained.

Mr. Winter entered at this juncture.

"Look here, Winter, is this true?" And Mr. Vincy ran over the story.

"I suppose so," said Mr. Winter, indifferently; "Helen is not my daughter. Mrs. Winter found her somewhere. If she wants to go with her mother I have no objection; but I suppose you have, as you want to marry her."

"Winter, I say, you don't expect me to marry the daughter of that old hag!" the millionaire said, swelling with rage. "If Helen will give her up, and keep the thing quiet, I'll think about"—

"Never!" said Helen.

"You're a brute, Vincy!" said Mr. Winter, politely. "It's all for the best, Helen, for I intend to marry Mrs. Houghton in four months' time, and Mr. Vincy might not like a stepmother-in-law."

Mr. Winter could afford to be independent now. Mrs. Houghton had agreed to advance all the money he wanted.

"You can stay here, Helen," he said, "if you like, you have always behaved well, but I can't have the old lady here."

* * * *

In a little house in Philadelphia, Kathleen Bryant and her daughter live happily and contentedly. Peace and love dwell there.

"Frown, and we smile, the lords of our own hands."

Helen remembers those words. And the singer, whom she remembers too, has obtained a position in Philadelphia; when the "hard times" have passed Kathleen Bryant will again lose her daughter.

"Well, well," says Kathleen, between a smile and a tear, "sure, what's the difference? She's in God's keeping."

Alice Wesley, now Mrs. Vincy, tries to forget a longing for higher and better things in the dash and glitter of society, and sometimes she succeeds.

A VITAL QUESTION.*

While the matter of public school education is attracting the marked attention of the people of the United States, and deeply affecting its future interests, it may not be amiss, nor foreign to this question and to these interests, to devote some careful attention to the lately published translation of M. l'Abbé Barnard's *Life of the Very Reverend Mother Barat.* Foundress of an order, the birth of which occurred in the present century, and which took for a prime object as regards active works, "the education of young girls, the gratuitous instruction of the poorer classes, and retreats for ladies of the world," the life of this noble woman introduces to us a method of instruction and education which may afford to Protestants in our own land some explanation of a Catholic's reasonable objection to the present system of public schools, and may also press home to their own minds a question of deep import, "Are our children being trained as they might be and as they should be?"

In the month of December, 1779, Sophie Madeleine Barat was born in Burgundy, the third child of Jacques Barat, an artisan, and of his wife, Madeleine. Endowed with intellect, wit, and good sense, she carried on her studies with her brother Louis, to the reading of the Latin classics and of Homer, the study of the natural sciences and of modern languages, and then to the reading and translating "of sacred and ecclesiastical authors, the most beautiful passages from the fathers, the doctors of the Church, and the masters of spiritual life." At ten years of age had occurred that sacred and marked event in a Catholic child's life, she had received her first communion. Three years afterwards she declared her resolution of giving herself entirely to God, apart from all worldly ties forever; a desire which had been in her heart so long that she could not tell when it first arose there; and during her youth, through stirring days in her country's life, that desire lasted. When but twenty-three she was chosen superior in a community as yet unrecognized by the Church at large, or by the world; a community which, small and obscure in its beginning, Mother Barat was to see, before her death, spread wide in Europe and America. She, who in her young womanhood shrank from the responsibility of even so slight a charge as was at first laid upon her, found herself, at the advanced age of eighty-seven, governing by the grace of God nearly ninety houses of her Institute.

Of the souls who were first united with her in her work, most had been through terrible trials connected with the French Revolution. This fact it is well for us to bear in mind, while considering this religious teaching order side by side with a public school system, elaborated by our nation, which passed at nearly the same period through the revolution that rendered it an independent government among the governments of the world.

We must note particularly the witness borne to these teachers even then by their pupils. One attests "that the tone of the school was serious and earnest, and that, with a very few exceptions, there was no worldliness in the girls." "Mother Deshayes speaks of the great consolation they derived from the goodness of the children and their affection for their teachers. It had the most powerful effect in stimulating

* The Life of the Very Reverend Mother Madeleine Louise Sophie Barat, by M. l'Abbé Barnard. Translated by Lady Fullerton. Two volumes.

them to excel. Not to be spoken to by the nuns was considered the greatest of punishments. One of the youngest children, thus in disgrace, exclaimed, 'Oh, Madame, say scolding words, but speak to me.' Mother Barat was the life and soul of this first school of the Sacred Heart. One of the children educated under her own eyes writes as follows: 'I feel as if I could see them still, those eyes beaming with heavenly brightness, and as if I heard those words, few in number but so full of unction, with which she spoke to us of the kingdom of God. She liked to come unexpectedly into the playground. Her appearance there was like a ray of sunshine. "Sing me my favorite cantique," she used to say, and we sang, "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O my God!" With what delight she listened, and then commented on some of the beautiful thoughts in that hymn. What happy moments those were! What serenity there was in her countenance! What humility in her manner and in her words, and with what maternal indulgence she corrected our faults!' "

The number of postulants increased speedily, and speedily were new houses opened in and about France. In Curgnières, where, at first, the nuns were obliged to live in great poverty and obscurity, we are told that the little school was filled with the children of the village. "The pension was very small, and the payments chiefly made in kind. Nuns and scholars led the same rural and domestic life, baking, washing, putting their hands to every sort of work, and sanctifying it by the spirit of the Holy Family at Nazareth, and this without interfering with the schooling. One of their pupils thus describes what was the presiding influence in that education. 'The thought contained in these words, *God sees us*, was enough to keep us in order and silent, even in the absence of our teachers.' "

We will not dwell on the trials which the Order underwent, the oppositions and scandals which helped to strengthen it as contrary winds hold up a ship, and to purify it as fire cleanses gold of its alloy. Our paths to-day lie elsewhere. In the years 1815 and 1820 occurred two general councils of the Order. Let us, always bearing in mind what we know of our public schools, their system, their training, and their effects as regards pupils and teachers both, notice at some length the method and purpose here.

The affection of the mistresses for their pupils is to be tender but without weakness, without familiarity, without personal preferences, pure, disinterested, and high-minded. What they strive to effect in the world by means of those children, who are to be the wives, the mothers of a future generation, is the promotion of religion and of faith, of Christ's reign, and that alone. Thus a school becomes a sanctuary, in which the soul is, as it were, surrounded by an atmosphere of piety.

Another remarkable characteristic of this plan of education is its solidity as regards the religious, the intellectual, and the industrial training of the pupils. In religion nothing vapid, sentimental, vague, or superficial is encouraged. Reason is opposed to mere feeling, prudent wisdom to religious excitement, a true and generous energy to a weak and languishing sentimentality.

In the secular studies, the same principle is inculcated. The pupils must be made to learn everything which is most important for them to know, as regards the life they are to lead and the society they are to mix in, but everything frivolous, useless, and superficial must be excluded, "Everything which is only calculated to feed vanity." From the schools are banished all those public displays, which turn a house of education into a gymnasium or an academy. Whatever tends only to excite sensibility and imagination is

discouraged; so also is the too sedulous cultivation of talents, which often over-excite the inferior faculties to the prejudice of the higher gifts of the soul. Not so the study of domestic economy and of needlework, which is valued as a privilege and a safeguard; a matter of necessity in some cases, and always an advantage and a merit.

At a later council, to obviate the possible reproach that in their schools what was strong was preferred to what was solid, the means were studied of forming the pupils to habits of simplicity, order, economy, and a taste for the useful. The system of studies was likewise revised and perfected, and nothing was neglected which could be considered as an improvement. "It is a mistake to cling too much to routine," says one of Mother Barat's letters; "it is a weakness. When souls are in question, what does God care for a pen or a pencil, a bit of wood, or a bit of paper? Souls, souls, at any cost."

Let us enter further into the details and methods of this system of teaching. It is not unworthy of our thought.

"If this work is to be a work of self-devotion, *education does not require mere mistresses*,"—a remark worth attention. Perhaps we shall say that this is an understood axiom of our public school system, but what more than mere mistresses does the order of which we are writing think?

They are to be "mothers," who will devote themselves to the work; and the constitution gives them that name. The mistress-general of the school especially, must consider herself as standing in the place of a mother to all the children intrusted to her care. She must have the heart of an affectionate mother in the care she takes of their bodies and their health, at the same time that she watches over their souls with the delicate vigilance of a religious.

The rule has a whole chapter on the duty of taking care of health, with a view to the work of education. It is for that reason, it says, that in the society the style of living is common and ordinary, the food wholesome and in sufficient quantity, the recreations obligatory, and seven hours and a half allotted to sleep. Madame Barat's maternal solicitude extended to the minutest details. Food, sleep, health, manners, were all attended to. Nothing seemed to be trifling where her dear children were concerned. "However poor you may be," she wrote to a superior, "your scholars must be well cared for; their age requires it, and their parents have a right to expect it." And again she says: "We have to answer for the bodies as well as the souls of our pupils." There were few faults which she reproved more severely than the least negligence in this respect.

Education in her eyes was not a thing that turned on petty contrivances, or even on great talents. She considered it to be a supernatural work. After the first duty of loving God, the second precept she impressed upon the sisters was that of loving the children committed to their care, and thus winning their affections. She founded this duty on the supernatural dignity and immortal destiny of those young souls, and that being the case, did not admit that their defects were to be an obstacle to that love. "Of course," she said, "they often come with bad dispositions, but God sends them to you on purpose that you may bring them back to him. There must be no prejudices, no dislikes, and no unfavorable comparisons. Begin by entertaining a good opinion of your pupils, and do not treat them with too much severity. You must make them love you."

"It is a terrible disadvantage in a mistress," so Mother Barat considered it, "to have a scolding and severe manner with her pupils. It

sets them against the house. A sort of weariness spreads over the school, and in consequence a dislike to piety." But there must, nevertheless, be firmness also. The nuns must be kind to the children, "as kind as possible; but they (the children) must not be allowed to flatter their teachers, or endeavor to get round them. The more real affection is, the less will it admit of flattery. It is by devoted care, and not by caresses, it must show itself. You must not be influenced by the charm of childhood, or by the efforts the children will make to captivate your hearts. What would happen, if you allowed yourself to be bound by those earthly trammels? You would become quite useless then, for passion would be your guide. But if, on the contrary, it is God, and God alone, you have in view, God will be with you. He will give you light and graces commensurate to your work. He will bless the seed which you sow, and will raise from it fruit never perhaps seen or known by yourselves, but which will ripen in the rays of his Sacred Heart; and when in after days, in the midst of the pleasures of the world, your scholars think of their convent teachers, they will bear in mind the expression of happiness in their faces, the happiness of self-sacrifice, and they will feel that there is joy in loving God alone. Come, let us be Christians and apostles; let us be manly in heart, and give up womanly weakness."

These lessons bore ample fruit in the Paris house, says the chronicler. There were gathered many wealthy and high-born pupils. It was wonderful to see the respect with which the distinterested virtues of the nuns and their union with God inspired the children. It seemed to surround their teachers with a sort of holy prestige. One of their scholars thus describes this feeling: "Even in the youngest of our mistresses we recognized the spouses of the Heart of Jesus. We knew the origin of their sanctity, and used to say to each other, *How much God must love them, and reveal himself to them in prayer.* We considered the nuns as our guardian angels; . . . but as to our mother-general, she seemed to us a faithful type of our Lord and his adorable heart. She was like a mother amidst her children. As soon as we caught sight of her in one of the alleys of the garden, a circle was immediately formed around her. We felt that she read our hearts, and they were opened to her without reserve. She made us play in her presence, and gave us prizes for our pains. If she told us a story, we hung on her lips, and then she used to speak to each of us in private, asking about our parents and our homes, and taking as much interest in our families as if they had all been her own relations."

The studies were an object of constant solicitude to Mother Barat. She valued a taste for literature when well directed as a means of elevating the soul, of opening to it an extended and higher range of thought, detaching it from material objects and awakening heavenly aspirations. But she urged that very strict regulations should be observed relative not alone to visits, to masters, to the *sorties* of the children, but also to the music and books used in the schools. She thought, like Fenelon, that ardent imaginations ought not to be excited, that the greatest precautions should be observed in this respect, and that writings which awaken impassioned feelings, are all the more dangerous when disguised under fair appearances. As regards needlework, she pointed out to her pupils how great an honor it is to be allowed to work for our Lord, whether for his altar or for his poor. She did not suffer any distinction of rank or of party in the school. It was ridiculous, she thought, to fill the heads of young girls with politics, and to let them enter into those divisions of opinion which rage

amongst men. Pride was the fault against which she incessantly waged war.

Tender and long-suffering towards the refractory, endowed with a sort of supernatural intuition of the latent qualities in a soul, which made her discern satisfactory symptoms where others did not perceive even any ground for hope, she could yet be severe when necessity bade her, and, if a child was found to be dangerous to her companions, the watchful Superior had no peace till she was sent away. "To protect the flock," she said, pithily, "the mangy sheep must be expelled." She tried in every way to preserve the purity of the young souls committed to her care; it was her constant study, and with that object she banished from the school theatrical representations, worldly toilettes, and everything that tends to excite too much the hearts and minds of imaginative children, so apt, she used to say, "to catch fire." As to the dress of her pupils she recommended that it should be as simple as possible, yet desired that due care should be paid to propriety, for "what is pleasing must be thought of as well as what is useful."

In respect to her feeling towards those who came to her schools with little or nothing to pay her, we quote from her letter to a nun who had written to her after having received a destitute orphan girl, who was also very sickly: "No, my dear daughter, I shall never blame an act of charity when it has been well considered. You were right to receive this young girl whom it has pleased Divine Providence to visit with so heavy a cross. It was becoming that you should adopt her as your child. I quite understand that, having no sick person in your house at this moment, the temptation to receive one was irresistible. I feel confident that this act of charity will avert many a sickness from your flock. God will reward your zeal."

The practical lessons in regard to self-sacrifice given to children in some of these schools were of a nature worthy of consideration. The beginning of the foundation in Quimper was exceedingly hard. The nuns had to live on such coarse bread that even the beggars complained of it. One poor man, looking at it with scorn, said to the portress, "You do not eat such bread as that?" "Indeed we do, my good friend," she answered; "it is only our children who eat white bread." The Superior was the first to suffer the inconveniences of poverty. She deprived herself of everything, and wore the oldest and shabbiest habit in the house. The children who saw her thus attired could not believe that she had been a countess, and had worn smart gowns at the Court of France. And in the establishment in Paris, once a princely residence, and so handsome that some who did not know its interior working found fault, the small low room in which the Sisters were lodged, bore the names of various domestic functionaries who had formerly occupied them, such as cooks, scullions, barbers, and grooms, and the stables were turned into community rooms. A poor school was established in connection with this Paris school, and the privilege of assisting and instructing those poor children became for the rich and noble ones among their highest and most coveted rewards. Thus they were trained to the practice of charity. Several of the scholars adopted poor children, and watched over them like little mothers.

So were educated in Paris alone a generation of women who, during the first half of this century, rendered immense service to the cause of religion, some of them exercising in a high position a powerful influence, and devoting their eminent talents to the establishment of institutions and the organization of good works, which are even now the strongest

support of the Church in France; others, in the secret privacy of home, belonged to that class of women of which the Scriptures say that their children rise up and call them blessed, and whose husbands praise them. Into those after-days Mother Barat's earnest soul pierced with a fruitful love. It was her ardent desire, and the thought which she was continually placing before her community, to follow souls through life, and, by means of congregations for the rich and for the poor, never to lose sight of the children educated in their schools. An association was formed "to assist young girls and young women in the world to persevere in faith, piety, charity, and Christian modesty; to encourage them in the performance of all the duties of their condition; to secure for them spiritual assistance amidst the difficulties, and consolation under the sorrows and trials of life."

The society had its exercises of piety, its meetings every month for work in common, and the relief of the poor. "Religion, clean and undefiled before God and the Father," says St. James, "is to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and to keep one's self unspotted from this world." Such was the spirit of the Association of the Children of Mary, an association of women under the patronage of the holiest of their sex, the Blessed Virgin.

In 1864 came the last general council at which the holy foundress was to preside. The society then numbered three thousand five hundred subjects in the Old and New World. A hundred and eleven houses had been established under the direction of the Mother General during the sixty-two years that she had been at the head of her institute, and eighty-six of them were still existing and prosperous in 1864, in spite of the wars and tumults which had raged in Europe and America. To these were added during the following year those of the Conception in Chili, of Bois l'Evêque at Liége, and then one at Seville, the foundation of which was the last object of Mother Barat's solicitude. The whole constitution of the Order was completed, its administration entirely organized, by the nomination of a vicar-general; the past was linked with the future. And what the foundress had not done, but still wished to do, was decided and described in documents which have left to her successors the simple task of carrying out her wishes. It is an almost unexampled occurrence that a foundress should have been enabled to put the finishing touch to her work. And so the end of the long, useful life on earth came at length, and the life long hoped for began.

"At the last hour of the Feast of the Ascension, 1865, with her crucifix in her hands, and surrounded by her community, which she had silently blessed in her last hour, blessed herself by Pius IX, by Rome, which she had so tenderly loved, visited on her deathbed by her Divine spouse, and on the same day on which he left this earth, Mother Barat went to that eternal place of rest where thirteen hundred and eighty-six nuns of the Sacred Heart were waiting to lead her to Jesus Christ, to whom she had so often said, like St. Theresa, 'It is time, Lord, that we should meet.'"

One figure among those thirteen hundred nuns has on us a special claim. Philippine Duchesne holds, next to Mother Barat, the most important place in the history of this Order. It was she who planted it in our land. She had received a superior education at one time, under the same masters, and in the same manner as her cousin, Casimir Périer, afterwards one of the most celebrated statesmen of France. She devoted herself to the acquisition not only of a solid knowledge of French literature, Latin, and foreign languages, but cultivated also the

fine arts with a zeal and perseverance which were accounted for by her settled purpose of employing every talent she possessed in the service of souls, and of consecrating herself to God in the religious life. She burned with a thirst for the conquest of souls, and craved a wider field than Europe.

She had long to wait, but at last, on the 21st of March, 1818, she set sail for America with five companions, and arrived at New Orleans on the 29th of May, to labor in the wide field of the good Bishop Dubourg, who, in conjunction with the holy Elizabeth Seton, had founded the Institute of the Sisters of Charity in America. Mgr. Dubourg's diocese extended from New Orleans to the region beyond St. Louis, and comprised all Louisiana and Missouri. His place was a barn, four planks made his bed, the cathedral was a hut. The sisters, first established at St. Charles, afterwards moved nearer to St. Louis. Before the death of Mother Barat in 1865, they had establishments in Long Island and Havana, in Chicago and Santiago, in Canada and in Pennsylvania; nay, so early as 1852, when the valiant Mother Duchesne died, she left on the soil where she and her four companions had silently landed in 1818, more than three hundred nuns of the Sacred Heart, and their convents and schools were disseminated all over the United States. Her holy ambition was never satisfied, and almost as soon as she had arrived in Louisiana, she wrote: "If God lets me live on, I feel as if I might set foot one day in Southern America, either at Lima under the protection of my patron St. Rosa, or at Carthagena under that of the blessed Peter Claver." What she could not accomplish another performed; and very near her end she had the consolation of seeing and blessing the sister in religion to whom God had assigned that work. She was eighty-four years of age when she died, had been a nun forty-eight years, and for thirty-four years had labored in the American missions.

"*If this work is to be a work of self-devotion, education does not require mere mistresses.*" Claim for our public school system what we may, shall we find there any systematic, holy, and entire self-devotion to match with what is shown in the pages from which this notice is for the most part a compilation? Remember that the Order does not stand alone. As the preface plainly remarks:

"Since the sixteenth century a multitude of religious orders and congregations had opened to children their monastic schools, recommended by Fenelon and celebrated by Bossuet. The Ursulines, the Benedictines, the Nuns of the Visitation, and many other religious societies had devoted themselves to that work. Mother Barat was the first to recognize and to extol their merits and their labors. Her own institute was not intended to supplant or to replace them. It offered itself in its day, and as the last of all, to serve the same cause."

We dwell upon this grand "last of all," to enforce a vital question at the end of our notice. Some public schools among us may claim earnest, self-denying teachers, but we need more than this. In the case of our children, who shall be by and by our nation, more than a fitful flame is needed to inspire the whole. This teaching and religious order of which we write is a flame from beginning to end, from the superior-general to the latest newcomer, with a fire that is divine. There is a constant, unfailing novitiate where each soul is prepared for its great work. "*Sacrifice was the essence of the founder's teaching.* Hence the joyousness which marks her direction, and the generous facility with which her daughters suffer and die. They ascend to the cross, those she has trained, and they fasten

themselves to the cross; 'for love,' says the Scripture, 'is strong as death.' They are ready, and will if necessary cross the ocean; they will courageously tread the steep paths of life." "You must forget yourself." So are they trained. "You must enter into every detail with regard to the souls and the bodies of your pupils; you must listen to them, comfort and encourage them. In fact, sacrifice everything for their sakes, except your own soul. You must become gentle, patient, indulgent; a real mother, only a more reasonable mother than those whose mistakes we have so often to repair." A sort of normal school was organized under the name of *Juvenat*, in which the nuns who were to be employed in teaching were to complete their studies and acquire the method of teaching; but this *Juvenat* was only a type of that careful novitiate where the whole nature was shaped in accordance with the sacred heart of Jesus, and taught to love him above all things, and all other things in him.

With such a system as this before them, ought any one to marvel that Catholics cannot be content with another system, where the spiritual standard is depressed and buried beneath mental and corporal requirements? Ah, Catholics claim that mind and body need to have the spirit considered with them, and above them, before true culture can be acquired.

The question presses home, calling for the earnest heed of parents and of guardians: Are we doing all we ought? There is talk, among our citizens, of women at the ballot-box; our girls are urged forward more and more to an education similar to, and carried on with that of the other sex; they are allowed to exhibit their proficiency upon the school platform before large audiences; and their keen imaginations and newly awakened reason are made familiar with an intellectual, historical, and philosophical world, where evils not a few lurk secretly, or lie in brilliant dress upon the very surface, and where they need—but, how often, alas! do they ever get?—the watchful guidance of teachers, who love God, and who fear God beyond any fear or loss of the world and its opinions.

Under the high pressure of our school system, the health of teachers and scholars is notoriously failing. Physicians know it well, and they warn us. There is a health which needs far more to be considered. During the working part of the week, who is taking care of the wellbeing of our children's immortal souls? What is becoming of the meekness and the modesty of the future mothers of our land? What manner of nation shall they make hereafter, who in their youth are taught by that strong teacher, Example, and are urged forward by those deeds that speak louder than any words, to leave God out of account in their chief and engrossing employments for six days in the week, and often—may he have mercy on us!—out of the entire seven?

LOOK AGAIN!

Say not that thy soul is weary
Of this world, so false and vain;
Say not 'tis a vexed and dreary
Wilderness of crime and pain.
Much delight is in thy power,
Many a gem and many a flower;
Look again!

Think not joy will ne'er forsake thee,
Youth's quick ardors long remain;
That sorrow cannot overtake thee;
Nothing evil ever stain.
Fear to lapse in such poor dreaming,
Trust not fortune nor all seeming;
Look again!

When the voice of haughty Fashion
Bids or woos thee to her chain;
When some too congenial passion
Latent in thy breast would reign,
Firmly stand in self-denial,
Take no dogma without trial;
Look again!

Leave unbreathed the harsh opinion,
Lightly judge not nor disdain;
Check unquiet Fancy's pinion,
Wit's sharp arrows oh restrain!
Ere a friend's misdeeds divulging,
Ere an envious mood indulging;
Look again!

Outward look, and see creation
Heaven's first fair stamp retain;
Then on human aberration
Humbly look, and not in vain;
Virtue yet for thy discerning
There abounds; be ever learning
Pure to keep thine own light burning
In its fragile fane.
Good evoking, ill suppressing,
That will make the world a blessing,
Win thee treasures worth possessing;
Inward look again!

Early search out what is duty,
Make the record full and plain;
Hand of Wealth, or eye of Beauty,
Poet's magic strain;

Selfishness, thy heart to ice;
Love, to warm it into vice;
Tempting thee disdain;
When to sophists thou wouldst hearken,
While the rule of right they darken,
Look again!

Never let thy heart beat coldly,
Yet on impulse keep a rein;
Look o'er life's mixed chances boldly,
Join the busy working train;
Much enduring, much forgiving,
Learn and teach the task of living
Oft again.

THE CORPOREAL BEAUTY OF CHRIST.

"From the rising of the sun to the going down thereof," shall appear, "the loveliness of his beauty."—PSALM 49: 2.

THERE dawns upon every mind an ideal image of the one who is known and loved, though never seen, and even when an original transcript meets the eye, yet it can never altogether obliterate the lineaments our own hearts have embalmed. Thus as we follow the life of our Saviour while on earth, we trace the varied expressions that have lent these shadows of either joy, sorrow, or pain to his superhuman beauty; veiling, but never entirely marring, its effulgent loveliness. It is manifested in the extreme tenderness of paternity as he blesses the little children, in the pitying and sympathetic look he bestows upon the kneeling Magdalen; nor is it clouded by the blessed tears of human affection that fall like a consecrating unction upon the grave of Lazarus. When driving the money-changers out of the Temple, the dread majesty of omnipotence, for a moment, veils in its gleam the expression of humanity; but soon again the eyes are humid with emotion, and the voice tremulous with sympathy as he stands by the bier of the desolate widow's son. There are few phases of his life wherein our Lord is more graphically depicted than when talking to the woman at the well; for there his countenance not only radiates under the light of intellect, but of prophecy. Again, even when tear-dimmed and suffering, he pleads with his own worn and weary apostles: "Could you not watch one hour with me!" the beauty of pathos was still throned thereon; but at the appearance of the soldiers the transition was instantaneous; for, borrowing a gleam of his Father's splendor, with one dart, it struck them like dead men to the ground.

To concentrate into one focus the scattered lights we can find treating of this august theme is our present object, and we confess to approaching this Mecca with head uncovered and shoes left at the outer gates.

Centuries after the mountains had been melted away by the waters of the deluge, and the valleys had reapeared laden anew with the gems gathered in the coral caves of ocean,

in the flowering land of Gersen there lay upon his couch of furs, with the death-dews upon his brow, the once stalwart form of an old man, over whose life had passed the sunshine and shadow of more than one hundred years. With tremulous voice, and eyes dim with the mists of death, he raised his hands in a blessing upon his son who knelt by his side, and as the drops gathered, and the shadow of the grave drew nearer, a sudden light gleamed from the sinking eyes, for *Judah's Lion, the desire of the everlasting hills*, beamed in a heavenly vision, and held the fast-expiring breath. The mystic ladder, reaching from heaven to earth, with its myriad white-robed angelic throng that had been given as a staff and guide to his youth, now paled into a misty radiance before this supernal vision of him, "whose eyes were more beautiful than wine, and his teeth whiter than milk," Gen. 49 : 12. The sands of life ran slowly, one by one, as the waving palm trees of Lebanon chanted mournfully the *Nunc Dimittis* of the first patriarch, whose sight had grown luminous under the vision of the promised one, the *Expectations of Nations.*

Throughout the subsequent progress of nations and events, this revelation from time to time of the Holy One was repeated and corroborated; and as the new era approached, voices from heathen oracles, dreams from sainted recluses, still enunciated the prophecy. Among these there has come down to us a legend, which we think worth transcribing here. Thus it runs: When the senate of Rome in their blind enthusiasm decreed that the Emperor Augustus should receive the worship of a divinity, a doubt arose in his mind as to the propriety of such a usurpation of omnipotence. Accordingly, he resolved to seek the celebrated sibyl Tiburtina, and consult her as to his final decision. She listened in silence to his case, then told him to return in a few days for her reply. These she spent in solitude and meditation, and upon his second visit she conducted him to a darkened chamber, in which was an altar, and as he gazed there arose from out the gloom a light from the opening heavens, and in a nimbus of glory he beheld a beautiful virgin holding an infant in her arms, while a voice was heard, saying, "This is the altar of the Son of the living God." "Whereupon," continues the legend, "Augustus caused an altar to be erected on the Capitoline Hill, with this inscription: *Ara primogeniti Dei.*"*

Dowered with the woe of a world, but enthroned in a nimbus of beauty and appealing helplessness, this prophetic vision breaks the darkened vista of ages as the Incarnate Word was made flesh. Every heart is touched, every soul thrills under the wonderful power of God that is proclaimed in the first wailing cry of a new-born child. The delicate features, the perfectly rounded limbs, the eyes lustrous with the soul's light, turned in mute appeal upon its new-found world, is a mystery that will never cease to be one of the strongest proofs of Omnipotent power. What then must have been the loveliness of that miraculously divine infant, in whose eyes was enthroned the effulgence of heaven, in whose little heart lay throbbing the loves and woes that were to redeem a world! Fair as a lily, tinted with the dew of the blossoming peach; soft and dimpled in the perfection of infantile loveliness; smiling a welcome alike upon the lowly shepherds and the mighty kings of the Orient, yet blending in that smile the pathos of that sorrow and suffering with which the cruel coming years even then curtained his lowly crib.

So marvellous was the beauty of this child that even the forest trees bend in reverential homage as the three holy exiles pass through these

* Legendary Art, Mrs. Jameson.

shadowed aisles when fleeing into Egypt; the murderous intent of the robbers melt into mercy and pity before it, whilst the heart of the chieftain's wife glows with the belief that in the water that laved the lovely form of this mysterious babe will she find a chrism of healing for the little leprous infant that lay upon her own breast.

Succeeding years serve but to develop these attractions into that dignity and semi-manliness that always give such a character to boyhood. Wondrously wise as were the lessons that fell from his lips, yet they alone, unsustained by some magnetic, personal grace, could never have held that assembly of learned men so entirely spellbound in the presence of a mere boy. But for the sheen of divinity that wrapt as a halo the loveliness of that golden-haired youth, they would have resented his presence in their privileged *sanctum sanctorum* as a sacrilegious innovation, even before the profundity of his doctrine had formed itself into words.

Awestruck, yet wondering, those venerable men watched this boy, so like yet so unlike the children of their own firesides; so calm and self-possessed, as if the sanctuary was more properly his province than their own; and as they pondered the miracle the days of Helio and the infant Samuel seemed returned to the Temple, and the light of the Star in the East illumined for the first time with the words of the supernal child their souls.

The passage in Isaias which says, "There is no beauty in him nor comeliness" (53 : 2) refers to him, not as he really was, but as the carnal eye and hardened hearts of the Jews alone could see him. Neither poverty nor lowliness could, in the view of that stiff-necked race, be associated with either beauty or worth. Looking upon Jesus as an impostor and a blasphemer, they determinedly ignored the presence of any quality that should contradict this charge. Their "eyes were held" in regard to his physical aspect, as they were also to the grandeur of his spiritual mission. These impressions seemed corroborated by subsequent events and actions in his life.

When his term of labor and submission to his parents was accomplished, he appeared among men lowly and of no repute. There must then have gleamed in his countenance and bearing some latent power which not only can draw, but hold in bondage the hearts of men. To imagine our Saviour in any respect coarse or homely, seems little short of profanation. As mortals assume the semblance of their progenitors, so must we naturally believe that the brow upon which the Godhead had set the signet of paternity, shone with a light that radiated on no other human countenance. How is it that always, when wandering in strange lands, bearing no distinctive mark in apparel, yet like a celestial magnet, intuitively the hearts of the people selected him alone from the band to confer the coveted boon of healing! What talisman was it that taught the poor woman following the crowd, to discern whose garment among the many could, by a mere touch, heal her infirmity; what drew the poor lepers from the dark deeps of their prison-homes, to lift their voices in supplication as the tender beauty of his countenance beamed upon their stricken forms! Some special seal, some halo of divine heritage must have exalted him far above and beyond his seeming earthly origin and position in life, to have attracted the notice and homage of such men as the centurion Nicodemus, and Nathaniel, apart from the general reports of his marvellous words and works. There must, indeed, have been some magic symbol that revealed the beauty and majesty of the hidden God, even to the eyes of the most stubborn and obtuse.

Whatever may have been the impression entertained by the early Christians as to our Saviour's personal appearance, they failed to idealize it, until the end of the third or the beginning of the fourth centuries. There was so much of sin and idolatry still associated in their minds with images, because they had been solely the exponent and suggesters of evil passions, that they were blind to the instructive and elevating influences to which such æsthetic impersonations might be turned, when hallowed by subjects which, stripped of the sensuousness of pantheism, should raise, in a perpetual *sursam corda*, their thoughts and aspirations toward heaven. Hence, under this influence, and partly to conceal from their persecutors a knowledge which only led their pagan enemies into sacrilege, the primitive worshippers of the true God executed all artistic illustrations of their faith under symbolic forms. These at first were confined to the Catacombs, and could be understood only by the initiated. The Redeemer was proclaimed in the cross, the Church by the allegory of a sailing ship, while the sacrament of baptism was symbolized by a fish. All the leading events in our Saviour's life were typified therein by representations from the Old or New Testament. The Resurrection was symbolized by the history of Jonas, of Lazarus, and by the fiery car of Elijah. The most prevalent form, however, as also the most appealing and suggestive, was the life-work of our Lord in the representation of the Good Shepherd. Every allegory and symbol, indeed, that could convey an idea of love, of sacrifice, or of the infinite grandeur and perpetuity of eternity, was clothed in these subterranean chambers in the vivifying and regenerating principles of the new and sacred mission of art.

When the long-contested conflict, baptized in blood and cemented by rack and fire, ended by the triumph of the Christian over the pagan, of the Church over the Pantheon, the Christian artist then found voice, and gathering the old materials, redeemed their former perversions by devoting them to subjects that should enthrone and hallow those divine truths so long hidden from the outer world. Like the *Labarum* of Constantine, ever floating under the sapphire sky from whence it came, the real and ideal representations of the new creed soon became familiar images, and lessons alike to the devout and the profane. Sorrow and secrecy now gave place to joy and beatitude. The favorite theme was the figure of our Lord, occupying the most conspicuous place above the sanctuary.* One of the favorite representations also was the form of Christ in some one of the most impressive epochs in his life, or attended by his apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, who, from the beginning, were ranked as the vanguard of the new faith.

One of the oldest portraitures of our Lord, its source entirely unknown, is said, by Mr. Rio, to have been found in the cemetery of St. Calixtus.† For many years it was the acknowledged type from which all subsequent heads were painted, and must have emanated from some traditional or verbal description of his person.

The letter, accredited to Pubililius Lentulus, President of Judea, addressed to the Roman Senate, by some considered apocryphal, by others a forgery of the third century, must, however, at an earlier period have been received by many as genuine; for the generic characteristics in feature and expression of our Re-

* "The figure of Christ was placed in all its majesty above the sanctuary, while at the same time it was engraved on the coin and medals, sometimes with the title of King of kings, or Light of the world."—*Christian Art*, Rio.

† "The face is of a slightly lengthened oval; the expression soft, serious, and melancholy; the hair, divided in the middle of the forehead, falls into two long masses on the shoulders."—*Emeric David, Discourse, etc., p. 67, par* F. A. Rio.

deemer bore, in all future delineations, a close resemblance to it. But even if only an imaginary picture, it is so graphic, and possesses such a harmonious tone, that we think it worth transcribing here for the benefit of those who may never have seen it. "There lives at this time in Judea a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him as their prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God.

"He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall, and elegantly shaped; his aspect amiable and reverent; his hair grows in those beauteous shades, which no united color can match, falling in graceful curls below his ears, agreeably couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head. His dress of the sect of Nazarites. His forehead is smooth and large; his cheeks without spot, save that of lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick, and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin, and parting in the middle like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear, and serene. He rebukes with mildness, and invites with most tender and persuasive language; his whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave, and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has ever seen him laugh; but the whole world beholds him weep frequently, and so persuasive are his tears, that the whole multitude cannot withhold their tears from joining in sympathy with him. He is moderate, temperate, and wise. In short, whatever the phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present to be a man of excellent beauty and divine perfections, every way surpassing men."

The above description tallies with another said to have been taken from the lips of Pontius Pilate. There is also a tradition extant of an emerald, of large size, upon which was carved a perfect likeness of our Saviour, which is said to have been given or sold by a Roman dignitary to a Turkish sultan.

The napkin given by St. Veronica to our Lord on his way to Calvary, upon which he left the impression of his face, is still piously believed to be preserved in a chapel dedicated to her under the dome of St. Peter at Rome, and, during Holy Week, is shown with other precious relics to the faithful. This likeness has, from the earliest ages, been styled *Vera Icon*, that is, the true image; and from this, says Mrs. Jameson, the name was bestowed upon the pious woman who performed that compassionate act of mercy. We may form some idea of its expression from the fact that it was generally supposed to be the original type of the *Ecce Homo*, or other phases of the Divine countenance during the Passion.

Numerous portraits of undoubted antiquity of our Lord are still preserved in Rome, but, as many of them are held to be miraculous, they are very difficult of access, and are shown only to those pious seekers who, in looking upon them, are overcome by feelings too sacred and deep for words.

At the Church of St. Bartalomeo, in Genoa, there is said (by Mr. Thomas Heaphy, an English painter) to be a portrait of our Saviour, which is claimed to be the oldest in existence, having been executed from the presence of our Lord in person. It has an authenticated history, enforced by tradition, down to the second century. Next to this in antiquity may rank a likeness of our Lord which is still preserved in the reliquary of the Church of St. Prasside, in Rome.

When St. Peter arrived in Rome (A.D. 148), he is said to have lodged

in the house of Pudens, who was a Roman senator and the father of two daughters, Prasside and Pudentiana. The family under his guidance soon embraced the true faith, and Pudens, dying soon after, and leaving a handsome fortune to his daughters, they devoted their lives thenceforth to piety and works of mercy, and rank now in hagiology as the original Sisters of Charity. The likeness of our Lord, to which we have just referred, is said to have been painted by St. Peter from memory at the request of these sisters. Mr. Heaphy says: "Whatever may have been the origin of the picture, it is undoubtedly of very high antiquity, since, in the beginning of the fourth century, it was held in the same estimation as now, the Empress Helena having taken extraordinary measures for its preservation."

The generally received impression in the early ages of St. Luke being a painter, seems to have originated in Greece, and was transferred thence to the West. There still exist portraits both of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin that are accredited to him. In the Church of St. John of Lateran, in Rome, there is shown a picture of the child Jesus in the Temple, which is also ascribed to St. Luke.* Yet another of the primitive models, which served as a guide to the early masters, is the beautiful countenance and majestic figure of the Redeemer in the apsis of the Church of St. Cecilia. As she was martyred early in the third century, it is supposed to have been executed not very long thereafter.

Indeed, all of those pictures which belong to the Romano-Christian schools, are said to be eminently expressive of great beauty and majesty. Even the Veronica relic displays these attributes, although the deeper pathos of sorrow and suffering which must then have shadowed the brow was well calculated to mar the beauty of our Saviour's natural expression.

The importance of an elevated and suggestive type being given to these representations was sensibly felt in those ages, when the ignorant and wicked were more apt to be moved and instructed by such appealing voices, for to them they seemed real and genuine transcripts drawn from life, and their hearts were influenced according to the depth of the impression made.

In all the portraits in painting or sculpture that have been revealed of our Saviour up to the fifth century, there are revelations of corporeal beauty which exalt him above all the children of men. But about this time there arose a division in the Romano-Christian school of art upon the subject of the truthful representations in his likeness as man. There was a division even among the most illustrious Fathers of the Church, "some maintaining," says Rio, "with St. Cyril of Alexandria, that Jesus Christ was the least comely of the children of men, enforcing their argument by the authority of Tertullian and of St. Justin, who had declared that the abject form which the Redeemer had assumed only rendered the mystery of redemption more sublime." On the other side, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and St. Ambrose, of the Latin Church, and St. John Chrysostom, with St. Gregory of Nyssa, of the Eastern, affirmed "that our Lord only veiled so much of his divinity as to prevent its dazzling the eyes of men." This controversy continued at intervals up to the eighth century, at which epoch Christ was described by John of Damascus, and Pope Adrian I, as "a new Adam, and a model of perfection in form." This opinion, which was sustained by the three

* "In the legend of St. Luke we are assured that he carried with him everywhere two portraits painted by himself, one of our Saviour and one of the Virgin, and that by means of these he converted many of the heathens, for not only did they perform great miracles, but all who looked on those bright and benign faces, which bore a striking resemblance to each other, were moved to admiration and devotion."—*Sacred and Legendary Art*, MRS. JAMESON.

great Latin Fathers, settled the question, for the utterance of such men was deemed by the masses as only secondary to an apostolic dictum. This judgment was corroborated later by the oracular voice of St. Bernard, who declared that "the marvellous beauty of Christ surpasses that of the angels, and formed the joy and admiration of the celestial spirits."*

As dissension and schism were the encroaching elements at that time in the Greek Church, they also maintained their opposition on this point, so thenceforth only the hideous productions of Byzantine art dishonored the human semblance of our Lord.

It is indeed anomalous, as Rio remarks, "that the Greeks, the descendants of those who knew so well how to conceive *the beautiful*, who had so vividly felt it, and so magnificently realized it in their works of art, yet it is now this very people who reject *the beautiful*, when raised to the highest degree, by the incarnation of the Word."

It was the Byzantine school also that first fell under the temptation of borrowing suggestions from pagan art for Christian subjects. There is a legend of a painter, "who ventured to imitate a head of Jesus Christ, had the hand which was the instrument of this profanation suddenly withered."†

The genuine Christian adumbrations of art were developed by the Italians, while the Greek school was vitiated by an adherence to pagan forms, and also disgraced their vocation by dissolute habits. Their numerous profanations in the treatment of allegorized religious subjects, and especially in their portraiture of our Saviour, induced the Council of Constantinople (A.D. 691) to rebuke and place a check upon those abuses, declaring that in all representations of our Lord "Grace must be united with Truth."

At this early period an aversion to the old theogony, and every symbol associated with it, alone moved the heart of the Christian neophyte in Rome. The beauty of art lay buried for them in that effete polytheism of which those images were the oracle, though now indeed for the first time they realized their diabolical power, in the growl of the hydra as it grasped and mangled their bodies in the arena or tortured them upon the rack.

Up to the fifth century the Church, under the sagacious rule of the Papacy and clergy, had fostered and preserved both literature and art, but these were at length forced to succumb under the seething vortex of the northern barbarians. Rome, the conservatory of the arts, saw its countless gems of *virtu* crumble beneath the ruthless hands of the savage sons of Thor. The fearful conflicts, the sacrilegious crimes, the desolation and woe of the succeeding centuries, proved a maelstrom that ingulfed the labor and zeal of ages.

Charlemagne arose amid the gloom of this night, like a meteor of splendor, that gave promise of restoration and permanent progress. But again the clouds darken, and under the pressure of internecine revolutions, the dismemberment of kingdoms, and falling empires, the tocsin of the Norman and the blade of the Saracen at either extremity of the West, again was the continent plunged into a sea of gloom and a tempest of horrors that drowned almost every vestige of humanity in its abyss. Chaos alone threatened to bridge this chasm, over which there hovered the vultures of ignorance, infidelity, and dire woe.

But the Church, through the oracular voice of the Papacy, was the first, again, to recover strength and triumph over the horrors of this abysmal gloom, the advance-guard that sounded the signal note of a new dawn. Treasures of art, richly illuminated manuscripts of theology, science, and philosophy, supposed

* Poetry of Christian Art, A. F. Rio.
† Ibid.

to have been lost in the vortex of Goth and Vandal irruptions, now, at this magic summons, came forth from the precincts of Monte Casino and other religious tombs, wherein they had been affectionately fostered and enlarged, to illumine and fortify once more the cause of God and humanity.

During the impetus that had been given to general culture under the reign of Charlemagne, Italy had rather succumbed to the Germano-Christian school of art, but now, under the beams of this new auroral, following the lead of Guido of Sienna (thirteenth century), she reassumed her fallen mantle, and thenceforth wore her crown firm and untarnished against all competitors in the world of art. Simome Memmi and a host of others following the wake of Guido, displayed the highest conception of purity in tone and form in their illustrations of divine truths. The image of our Saviour and his Mother were themes that never failed to inspire the sublimest ideals of beauty. It is true that a few of those saintly artists were still under the influence of the vitiated and gaudy taste of the Byzantine school, but the advancement in a purer and loftier development was steady under the succeeding generations, until the example of the apostate monk Filippo Lippi led to the desecration of the former more elevating and spiritualized types, by a revival of the sensuous pagan models. Under the patronage of the Medici these innovators found numerous votaries. The most sacred and exalted sources of inspiration were hurled from their thrones, not only in the palace, but in the sanctuary, and the *sursum corda* of the devotee was met by the semblance of an Apollo or a Jupiter, instead of the glorified Saviour, whilst the countenance of a heathen goddess or public courtesan was clothed in the attributes of the Mother of God.

These were the sacrileges that aroused the religious zeal of the great reformer Savanarola, these the abuses which were combined with the corrupting influences in the education of the young (whom he so truly loved) to the exclusion of Christian models, in favor of immoral and obscene pagan authors, that won for him the persecution of the wicked, culminating in the bitter ordeal of martyrdom. But that fiery sacrifice was not alone a consuming one, for it illumined far and near the souls of men. Far away, amid the flowery plains and lofty heights of the Apennines, through the lowly Umbrian villages, the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi drew thereto the clean of heart. In the secluded cell and *quiet* of the monk's life, through the dim, hallowed lights of the "forest primeval," the glowing fervor of exalted souls was fast ripening into that lofty utterance which, under the name of *Mystic*, was destined to invigorate and restore the *prestige* of martyred saint and inspired prophet. Toward the realms of the Infinite soared their genius, until, like the burning coal upon the lips of the prophet, their work proclaims its celestial inspiration. Although the generally received scriptural and traditional types of our Saviour as man were well established at this period, yet each painter innovated or elaborated thereupon by transfusing some conception of his own genius to his canvas. In the sphere of adoration and love, and the tenderness of humanity, the Italian masters were supreme; this superiority was more marked when contrasted with the coarser and more material idealizations of the German school. The grand Crucifixion of Rubens, and the celebrated Ecce Homo of Rembrandt, are however among the few exceptions to this charge, for they seem like emanations of that divine afflatus which is ever the guerdon of love and praise. The English artist Fuseli, in describing the Ecce Homo, says: "We ascend to the sublime resignation of inno-

cence in Christ, and, regardless of the roar below, securely repose on his countenance. The Ecce Homo of Rembrandt, even unsupported by the magic of its light and shade, or his spell of colors, would have been an assemblage of superhuman powers."

Among the innumerable representations of our Lord, one which is the most moving and suggestive is the countenance of the Redeemer in the Cenacolo, or Last Supper, of Leonardo da Vinci. It has been perpetuated in so many forms that it is almost as familiar as the Madonnas of Raphael. The grand original, however, that occupied so many years of loving toil and study, owing to a series of casualties, stupidity, and barbarisms that were tolerated even in the home of the muse, by allowing this sublime work to be the object of so many experiments at the hands of charlatans, is now so mutilated that not a trace of its original beauty is left in the fragments.

In early childhood this face dawned upon us like the revelation of an apocalyptic vision. The seraphic lineaments, the soft-reflected light of heaven that beam so benignly from the eyes, seemed ever as potent and as thrilling as a spoken word.

"The intellectual elevation, the fineness of nature, the benign God-like dignity, suffused with the profoundest sorrow, in this divine head, surpassed all I could have conceived as possible in art; and faded as it is, the character there being stamped on it by the soul, not by the hand of the artist, will live, while a line or hue remains visible. It is a divine shadow, and until it fades into nothing, and disappears utterly, will have the lineaments of divinity."*

A cenatola also of Raphael's was discovered by accident during this century in the refectory of Sant Onofrio at Florence, which is supposed to have been painted in his twenty-third year. Like even his earliest conceptions, the face and figure of our Saviour bear the impress of divinity, which blends with the tenderness and sorrow of the man-God. But this was but as a clouded dream in comparison with the fulness of that effulgent vision that shone upon him, during his last years of life, in the Transfiguration.

How often as we turn the sibylline leaves of life do we feel oracularly drawn to perform some deed, some work that will symbolize the fate that even then stands on the threshold of eternity awaiting us. The celestial choral chants that ravished the soul of Mozart and found expression in his Requiem, may have been but the "melody divine" of the angel of death. So, too, may we not believe that a gleam of the Lord's beatified splendor glinted from amid the shadows of Thabor's mount upon the soul of the great artist, in this his culminating work, the icy hand of death being even then upon him.

Morales, who was a disciple of Raphael, devoted his pencil exclusively to religious subjects, and multiplied so many exquisite, lifelike heads of the crucified Saviour upon wood and copper, that he acquired the appellation of *El Divino.*

When the miracle plays were introduced in the middle ages, as a means of instructing the ignorant, the best talent of the Church was bestowed upon their construction and performances. Indeed the first one on record is said to have been written by no less a scholar than Gregory Nazianzen. It is certainly a remarkable fact, that the man who was chosen to represent the person of our Lord, always felt himself specially favored of heaven, and prepared his soul by fasting and prayer, as if for some solemn sacramental unction. Once thus appointed, the personation of the character remained through life, unless forfeited by bad conduct; but this rarely occurred, for the sacred influence extended not

* Sacred and Legendary Art, Mrs. Jameson.

only to the moral and social life of the man, but strange to say, even lent its influence to his personal appearance, by elevating him in some degree to the lofty standard of Him whose character and life-events he was so frequently called upon to delineate. Anna Maria Howitt, in her *Art Student in Munich*, when describing the celebrated miracle play, that is represented every ten years in Omer Ammagan, in the Tyrol, after alluding to the solemn and impressive feelings elicited by the scene, dwells particularly upon the countenance and general bearing of the man who had personified our Saviour for many years. He belonged to the poorer class, but owing to his high moral and religious character, the seclusion in which he lived, and an indefinable likeness to our Lord, he was regarded by his neighbors as a sacred person, and treated accordingly. He seemed to be thoroughly impressed and his whole life toned to the character with which he had been so long identified.

As Matthew and James sat thoughtfully by the lake, watching their nets that bright morning of early spring, hundreds were passing to and fro, many exchanging words of greeting. Presently one man, entirely unknown to them, poorly clad, void of any insignia of rank or wealth, approaches. Looking for a moment upon them, he speaks: "Come, follow me!" Surprised at the strange command they look into his face. Did he flash upon them a ray of the divine beauty, that these toilers should instantly, without parley, without a thought of their families, abandon their all to follow him?

Strive as we may to idealize the *personnel* of our Lord, yet the fruition can only be attained when we behold Him resplendent in the effulgence of Thabor, mingled with the pathos of Calvary and the glory of Olivet. Yet we might despair of recognizing Him even then, were it not for the golden link that in His loving mercy he has riveted with our humanity. But then we shall know "Who this is that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozra; this beautiful one in his robes, walking in the greatness of his strength." (Isaias 63: 1.) Then may we unite with the angels in chanting,

> Jesus, the gem of beauty,
> True God and man, they sing;
> The never-failing garden,
> The ever golden ring,
> The door, the pledge, the husband,
> The guardian of his court,
> The day-star of salvation,
> The porter of the port.—*Mediæval Hymn,*
> *"Celestial Country."*

O, LOST to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,
Who think it solitude to be alone!
Communion sweet! communion large and high!
Our reason, guardian angel, and our God!
Then nearest these, when others most remote;
And all, ere long, shall be remote but these.
How dreadful *then* to meet them all alone;
A stranger, unacknowledged, unapproved!
Now woo them, wed them, bind them to thy breast;
To win thy wish, creation has no more.
Or if we wish a fourth, it is a friend—
But friends how mortal! dangerous the desire.

THE VISION OF RELIGION ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

On Sunday, October 8th, 1876, was celebrated the Centennial anniversary of the foundation of the Mission from which San Francisco has grown. The occasion suggested the poem that follows.

For its proper understanding it may be well to state that as early as 1601 a band of Franciscans arrived in Lower California; that in 1683 the Jesuits organized the Indian Mission there; that these were most successful, and nearly the whole peninsula was Christianized, when, in 1767, the venerable missionaries, in consequence of a decree from the mother country, were summoned before the Governor, and by him sent adrift; that the spiritual direction of Lower California was given to the Dominicans, and that of Upper California to the Franciscans. Then it was that the bay of San Francisco was discovered; then also was it that Padre Juniper Serra, with a few settlers from Soñora, founded the Mission from which San Francisco dates its origin. Afterwards the Missions were harassed by unscrupulous fortune-seekers, who objected to see the Indian taught that he had a soul to save, and the dignity of manhood to support; they were also interfered with by the Spanish and Mexican governments; in 1833 the latter deprived the Franciscans of all control over them, and from that date they dwindled into insignificance. The work of sixty years was undone; in nine years the Indian population reduced from thirty thousand to four thousand.

Part I.

Wherein is told of the Planting of the Harvest.

In chain of ignorance the Red Man lay,
His soul unused to love, his lips to say,
The God that gave to him his life's brief day.

And holy men bethought them of his state,
And yearned to loose the bonds of his dire fate,
And freeing, make his soul more great.

A heavenly feeling o'er their yearnings stole;
A heavenly voice spake in their inmost soul;
A heavenly message on a golden scroll

Received they: "Go, the Indian teach," it read:
With joy they on their heavenly mission sped;
Nor of the Red Man's fury had they dread.

Nor of the ocean's perils took they heed;
Nor how their hearts on quitting home did bleed—
So glad were they to sow the Gospel seed.

They reached the wished-for land; the Red Man heard
Their teachings; to its depths his soul was stirred;
And in his heart's fresh glebe sank God's sweet word.

The lab'rers worked with all their main and might;
The harvest ripened to a goodly sight;
And all around was made a prospect bright.

The Red Man's ways were changed; his heart subdued;
His nature fierce with gentleness imbued;
The lab'rers daily thanks to God renewed.

But they this smiling harvest might not reap;
Nor of the soil of souls possession keep;
Nor might they lay their bones there in death's sleep.

These hoary-headed saints are sent adrift
Upon the ocean's tossing waves to shift;
To steer for other lands the sails they lift.

And other lab'rers come to glean the field
These good men left with such a heavy yield
Of souls grace-laden and salvation-sealed.

E'en these might not the Red Man's harvest save,
Though all their life and strength and zeal they gave,
That they the desolating storm might stave.

Part II.

Wherein is told of the Scattering of the Harvest.

Lo! gath'reth a storm o'er the smiling plain;
Angry and black doth it loom;
It felleth the workman—scattereth the grain—
Bringeth to dolefullest doom,
All that in beauty did bloom
For God and for men:—now famine and blight
Incumber that plain once smilingly bright.

And whence came that storm so fierce in its might,
Sweeping away all before?
From evil men's hearts, more black than black night.
Hate deep in their souls they bore;
Crime on their faces they wore;
Crime-loving, peace-hating,—those good men to roam
They sent far away from their new-built home.

Their flint-hardened hearts, of Heaven bereft,
Raged with mad fierceness for gain;
Greed gnawed at their souls till naught else was left;
So into gold did they fain
Coin the poor Indian's pain,
As toiled he a slave with durance untold,
In sickness and health, through heat and through cold.

Part III.

Wherein is told of Fray Geronimo's Vision of a More Abiding Harvest.

Among the mission priests first sent away,
A monk there was with guileless heart,
Who ever and anon bemoaned the day,
When from that harvest he did part.

For he had heard a sailor speak of land
That northward lay, with harbor close,
And flowery meads by perfumed breezes fanned,
And men unknown to Spanish foes.

And his one dream was of that land unknown;
His waking thought was of it still;
He yearned to see the Gospel seed there sown,
E'en though his lifeblood he did spill.

And oft he prayed that God might intervene,
Nor leave his work rest thus undone;
But might send him to make dry wood the green,
And gather it in with his own.

Death came, and still his prayer was unfulfilled,
And much he grieved to find it so;
When God, to show him his designs, now willed
That his co-laborers might know.

And as they prayed with fervor round his bed,
His eyes in ecstasy did look:
His features brighter grew; he raised his head,
And spake as though he read in book:

God speed thee, bark!
In angels' watchful keeping,
May'st sail through wave-crests leaping,
While whirlwinds harmless sleeping,
Unheed thee, bark!

Be with her now!
Jesu, Maria, guiding;
She bears hearts strong, confiding,
Your every beck abiding;
O lead her prow!

Save them, O save!
The tempest-ridden ocean—
Its stormy dread commotion—
For your sweet names' promotion,
They boldly brave.

"Now, Fray Geronimo, what seest thou?"
"O brother, I see glorious views;
A mission-bearing bark hath turned her prow,
To bring the Red Man Gospel news.

"The harbor's found; the bark safe anchored rides;
By Christian feet the sands are trod;
While up the vale another band now glides,
To conquer precious souls to God.

"Assisi's sons now plant the Holy Cross,
Upon that land I yearned t'explore,
And they reap souls a thousandfold our loss
Upon its western golden shore.

"O God! times are thine own; all I behold
Is more than mortal ever dreams;
The dust these good men tread is turned to gold,
And glory o'er the country gleams.

"Another mighty people still I see;
Around the Holy Cross they stand;
Not red men those; but white, like you or me,
With generous heart and open hand.

"Rejoice, O brothers! for a harvest ripe
And rich God gathers to himself,
And golden peace I see, where now is strife
Of wicked men for power and pelf."

Exhausted on his pillow now reclines
Geron'mo with hard-heaving breath;
A peaceful smile upon his countenance shines,
As he lies still in the arms of death.

L'Envoi.

O San Franciscans! be your hearts thrilled
With joy that the vision is fulfilled.
Remember, Assisi's name you bear;
Remember, that name is your welfare;
And that from his home beyond the sky,
He looks on you with a patron's eye.
Remember, that on your fertile soil
Did Juniper Serra fervent toil;
Bethink ye that just one hundred years
Have rolled around since with joyful tears
First he, with his zealous mission band,
In prayer knelt on your western land;
And from that day, the blessings of God
Bedew each spot of ground that they trod.

WHY THE CHURCH CONDEMNS FREEMASONRY.

It needs no very acute observation to recognize the fact, that Freemasonry is struggling with a fiercer and a more determined energy than ever against the liberty, nay, against the very existence, of the Catholic Church. The old pretences with which the body sought to cheat the world as to the real purposes of the organization are being daily abandoned, and its chiefs make now but little effort to conceal what was all along felt by the Church to be a certainty, that its deadly warfare is with Catholicity—its doctrines and its morality—its spiritual head on earth—and those members of it who practice its precepts. There was a time, and not so long ago, when there were many who looked upon Masonry as a harmless, if a somewhat bibulous and nonsensical association, in which men met together for purely social purposes, and dressed themselves, on gala nights, in triangles, and aprons, and compasses, and squares, and yards of glaring silk, and constellations of glaring decorations. It is a matter of no small moment that such vain imaginings are fast disappearing from the minds of Catholics, and that our people have awakened to the stern, if somewhat painful, con-

viction, that Freemasonry, even amongst ourselves, where it does not dare to put itself forth in all its native deformity and abominations, means nothing less than a battle against Catholicity. The doings of the fraternity in Belgium, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Italy, in Brazil, have put beyond the possibility of doubt the nature and the end of the results at which it aims, and without travelling outside boundaries with which we are all of us more familiar, we may say that there are proofs and indications nearer home of the spirit and the principles that animate the sect.

That Masonry has lost nothing of its old spirit of active propagandism, is abundantly evidenced by the zeal, the earnestness, and the perseverance with which it is being spread throughout Great Britain and on the Continent. We learn that at the close of last year there were no less than eight millions of Freemasons in the world—acting in concert, as far as concert was needed—and leagued together by the fearfully blasphemous oath that enshrouds "the secret" of the organization. Of course, it is not to be assumed that each one of these eight millions is equally responsible for the infamies of the fraternity in the sense that each one of them is equally well instructed in the purposes, the proceedings, and the mode of action of the sect. To a certain extent they cannot, it is true, be held irresponsible for the anti-Catholic and anti-Christian excesses perpetrated in various countries by the agencies of Freemasonry. But the number of those to whom the secret, mysterious ordinances of the governing body, in movements connected with the revolutionary and infidel projects of the organization, are communicated, or whose co-operation in council or in execution is invited, is exceedingly small. In fact, one of their own recognized authorities, the *Monde Maconique*, of August, 1866, tells us that the number of "active members" is little more than five hundred thousand. And even of these, not all of them are admitted to a knowledge of, or a participation in, the hidden wire-pulling which sets in motion, checks, precipitates —in fact, governs the secret policy of the party of revolution in the world. This tremendous power for evil is confined to a very few, and the profoundest caution is exercised in the selection of agents for carrying it into effect. The eight millions of ordinary initiated members know but little of the doings of the chiefs of the organization; but they furnish a wide field out of which to choose the trusty, crafty, reckless, unprincipled, impious men who are to be elevated into the companionship of the five hundred thousand, from out of which again the ablest, the most daring, the most desperate, the most abandoned, and the most defiant of God and man are to be picked for the iniquitous and ruthless execution of the imperative obligations of the sect.

It is clear from what we have said, that every individual Mason is not to be accounted a bad or an unbelieving man. There are Masons who give themselves but slight concern as to the inner workings of the craft. There are men amongst them who would not be trusted with this knowledge, and who, if they were asked to have participation in the peculiar operations of Masonry, would shrink with horror from association in a body that could contemplate such ends, and use such means for their attainment. From men such as these (and of course we are now speaking of non-Catholics, whose religious code does not forbid, much less condemn, Freemasonry) the genuine leaders of the fraternity carefully conceal their projects and their plans, and humor them with feasting and merriment, and a specious show of benevolence and mutual good fellowship. But, at the same time,

it cannot be forgotten that even these men bind themselves in this alliance by the solemn taking of a fearful oath, which pledges them, by the invocation of God's holy name, to a blind obedience to an authority of which they know nothing, and to a mysterious secret which, for aught they know, may be the very incarnation of infamy or blasphemy. On what ground can they justify such conduct? Is there a single affair of their existence about which they would act in a similar manner? If about any conceivable business or engagement of life they were asked to thus blindly bind themselves to a (to them) irresponsible authority, or to a course of conduct of which not even the faintest outline was vouchsafed to them, they would look upon the man who would ask them to do so either as an idiot, or more likely as a rogue and a scoundrel, fit for the attentions and punitive administration of the nearest policeman. Yet this is precisely to what the oath of Masonry pledges every man who takes it. For what is that oath? Here it is: "I swear, in the name of the Supreme Architect of all worlds, never to reveal the secrets, the signs, the grips, the pass-words, the doctrines, or the customs of the Freemasons; and to preserve with reference to them an eternal silence. I promise and swear to God never to betray any of them either by writing, by word, or gesture; never to cause them to be written, lithographed, or printed; never to make public anything of that which has now been confided to me, or of that which shall be confided to me in the future. I pledge myself to this, and submit myself to the following penalties if I fail in keeping my word. They may burn my lips with a red-hot iron, they may cut off my hand, they may pluck out my tongue, they may cut my throat, they may hang up my dead body in a Lodge till the admission of a new brother, as a scourge for my faithlessness, and as a terrible warning to others. Then they may burn it, and cast its ashes to the winds, to the end that there may not remain a single trace of the memory of my treason. So help me God, and his holy Gospel. Amen."

Surely this is not such an oath as the heads of a harmless organization ought to exact of candidates seeking for admission to it; neither is it an oath which a candidate could seriously take without feeling that it meant either a hideous and revolting blasphemy, or a screen for some unholy mystery—an impious mummery, or a solemn surrender of his free will to a despotic conspiracy. We use the word "seriously," for we assume that no educated Christian is unaware that if an oath, such as that we have quoted above, be taken otherwise than seriously, it amounts to a criminal profanity; and, therefore, if he takes it seriously, he must take it with a full and present consciousness of the act he is doing. If "the secrets" which he swears he will never divulge, be, as Masons are fond of saying they are, no "secrets" at all, why is it that the name of the great God is dragged down to be polluted by contact with profane surroundings which mean nothing? If, on the other hand, the secret be a something which means nought but good, which aims at no purpose less praiseworthy than individual benevolence and social brotherhood, why is it that the sanction of an awful oath should be considered essential in order to guard its inviolability? Why need, or why should, a man be asked to swear that he will not reveal the working principle of a system that breathes and lives only for the common weal? It looks simply a gigantic juggle—the effort to persuade the world that Masonry and its secrets are only pleasant fictions, to keep alive and intensify the curiosity of those not enrolled upon its mysterious records.

We say again, that we do not hold

every individual Mason directly conscious of, and therefore directly responsible for, the irreligious and revolutionary excesses that have stamped with execration the doings of the craft throughout Europe and in portions of the Western Continent. We wish to guard ourselves against the imputation of such an exaggeration. But we maintain that these excesses, notorious as they now are, and admitted, as they are, to be the result of Masonic agencies, ought of themselves to be a sufficient indication of the real purposes of Freemasonry, and to make it clear that, shroud them as they may, the heads of the organization have but two grand objects ever steadily before their gaze—the annihilation of Catholicity, and the overthrow of legitimate authority. How else can we explain the operations of the secret societies, avowedly all in union with Freemasonry, in France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and Brazil? It is true that a Catholic may become a Mason, and the Masons will be glad to get him; but what is the meaning of a Catholic becoming a Mason? It means that he puts his Church at defiance; that he sets at nought its sacred ordinances; that he casts away from him the priceless gifts and blessings of grace it mercifully stretches out to him; that he laughs its infallible authority to scorn, and loads his soul with the infamy of an atrocious perjury. To be sure, a Catholic may become a Mason, and Masonry will rejoice; for, if we could by possibility suppose every Catholic to be a Mason, we might not be unwarranted in believing that God had proved faithless to his Church, and that, in truth, the gates of hell had prevailed against it. And in such a (thank God!) impossible event, would there not be exceeding exultation in Masondom, and would it not feel that it had accomplished at least one portion of its supremely malicious commission!

But it is idle to speak of the possibility of genuine Catholicity coexisting with Masonry, and therefore it is that Masonry, in every sphere and in every fashion that it can, places itself as a barrier to the growth and the influence of Catholicity. In fact, to all intents and purposes, directly on the Continent, directly as far as it can in these countries, but still more so indirectly by continued affiliation with the avowedly anti-Christian organizations in various parts of the eastern and western hemispheres—Freemasonry is a huge anti-Catholic association, striving for the enslavement, the degradation, and, if possible, the destruction of God's holy Church on earth.

Almost without any effort at concealment, or rather with a boastful parade of its atheism, the organs of Masonry put forth the rejection of a Divinity, such as all Christians are supposed to recognize, as almost the foundation of the Masonic Institute. It talks in an incoherent, jabbering, maundering sort of way of a "Supreme Architect," a "Jehovah," a "Great Being," and condescends, in its oaths and travesties of religion, to use the phrase "God;" but it is the "God" of the godlessness of Voltaire, of Rousseau, of Mazzini, of Strauss, and of Renan, not the God of the Christian's faith, the Christian's hope, and the Christian's love; not the God of all mercy, the beneficent and patient ruler who bears so enduringly the infamies of an infamous sect, and shortens his right arm, even though iniquity calls so loudly for its avenging stroke. Thus we find, according to the *Gazette des Francs Macons* of December 15th, 1866, that the German lodges agreed to the following declaration: "The Deist Freemasons are above religious divisions. Not only is it necessary to put ourselves away beyond the different religions, but even beyond belief in any God whatsoever." And the *Monde Maconnique*, of September,

1866, in the course of an article on the Masonic Statutes, expressly discusses that one in which there is mention made of the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul. "Is there nothing," asks the *Monde Maconnique*, "to be exacted of a man in order that he may be deemed worthy of being a Mason? Nothing, except that he be an honest man. Is he to reject the idea of a God? Give him such an idea as will satisfy his reason. Is he to doubt of a future life? Prove to him that annihilation is contradictory. Is he to despise the foundations of morality? Well, *what matter if he does, if he lives and acts as if he acknowledged them.*" Is it possible to conceive an ethical system more revolting than this; or is it hard to conceive the manner of men that will be moulded out of its adoption? With such principles for its guidance, it cannot astonish us to hear Proudhon, who was as high in Masonry as his congenial merits deserved from it, proclaiming that "Freemasonry is the very negation of the religious element." And so it is we find that the press organs of Masonry are steeped to their utmost capacity in the filth and hideousness of a downright Atheism, or a Deism that despises God. Any one who has taken the trouble of purchasing, in Brussels, in Liege, or some other of the towns of Belgium, or at some of the kiosques in Paris or Marseilles, the journals of the sect, will readily agree that we have not in the least exaggerated the impious character of their contents. And what does all this mean? It means simply that Masonry is the propagandist of infidelity, to the end that it may thereby destroy the Catholic Church. This is the passionate longing of the sect. "Down with Catholicity!" is its cry, not alone in effect, but in words—for Catholicity once gone, the name and the glory of its Divine Founder go with it. Down with the Catholic Church!—it is the only religious institution that dares to do deadly battle with Masonry. Protestantism has yielded in its presence—for is not the heir-apparent of the English throne the Grand Master of Masonry in England, and is not the representative of royalty its Grand Master in Ireland? Protestant Germany has fallen prostrate before Masonry—for is not its emperor its grand protector (to use the jargon of its pantomimic ritual) in his mighty empire, and his omnipotent Prince-Chancellor one of the grandest of its grand officers? Down with Catholicity! for whilst it stands erect, there will stand with it, as there stands to-day, a feeble old man in Rome to bid the Masonic hosts stand back, and to wither them into impotence with a curse little less than divine. But, with all its passionate longing, Masonry shall not be triumphant, for Catholicity has the assurance of its Founder that it will not go down in face of it, or of the gates of hell.

It is not our purpose just now to travel farther into the fields of Masonic operations or Masonic projects. We have written but a slight fraction of all that might be written about them. But we trust we have said enough to show, that Catholics are not unjustified in looking with aversion upon this huge Masonic organization. Even if they did not know what it is, what it aims at, and how it seeks the accomplishment of what it aims at, they would have more than ample reason for shrinking from the remotest contact with it, in the repeated and emphatic condemnations with which it has been visited by the Infallible Head of their Church.

Of these condemnations it may not be uninteresting that we should here recapitulate a few. In the first half of the last century, Masonry began to be openly propagated throughout Europe, and speedily made its mark for evil. Accordingly, we find the Pastor of the fold awake and

vigilant. On the 27th of April, 1738, Clement XII issued a Bull, *In eminenti*, condemning the association. "Reflecting," wrote his Holiness, "on the great evils which these secret societies give us reason for apprehending, as well for the tranquillity of states as for the safety of souls, after having taken counsel with our Venerable Brethren, the cardinals, of our own motion, and by the plenitude of the Apostolic power, we have resolved and decreed that the before-named societies, assemblies, or reunions of Freemasons, whatever name they may take, should be condemned and proscribed; therefore, we condemn and proscribe them by this present Constitution, whose effect is to last forever. Therefore, in virtue of holy obedience, we forbid all the Christian faithful, and each one of them in particular, of whatsoever age, dignity, or condition they may be, cleric or laic, secular or regular, to establish, propagate, or favor the aforesaid society of Freemasons, to join or assist at their reunions under pain of excommunication, to be incurred *ipso facto*, without any further declaration, and specially reserved to ourselves and our successors, so that no one can absolve them from it without our authorization, save only *in articulo mortis*."

During the Pontificate of Benedict XIV, an attempt was made to maintain that the Constitution of Clement XII had ceased to have effect, and that his condemnation of it was, therefore, null. Benedict XIV made a diligent examination of the matter, and soon resolved all doubts upon the subject. On the 18th of May, 1751, his Holiness issued a Bull, *Providas*, confirming in every particular the Constitution of his predecessor. "To the end," says the Bull, "that no one may accuse us of falling short in anything which prudence demands of us, we have resolved to renew the Constitution of our predecessor, by inserting it word for word in the present letters; therefore, acting on certain knowledge, and in virtue of the plenitude of the Apostolic power, we confirm and renew it, and we will and decree that it shall from this day be put in force as if it had been just published for the first time."

Towards the early part of the present century, Masonry sent forth one of its pernicious offshoots in the infamous confederation known as the Italian Carbonari. The confederation was not long in existence until it made evident its vast capability for evil. As usual, the Head of the Church was wakeful against the new enemy, and so we find Pope Pius VII issuing his Bull, *Ecclesiam a Jesu Christo*, of the 17th September, 1821, denouncing the impious association—tracing its intimate alliance with Freemasonry, and visiting it with the Church's anathema. In this Constitution the illustrious Pontiff renews the penalty of a specially reserved excommunication against all the members of the confederation, and against those who in any way favored it. But the propagandists of the secret societies abated nothing of their unholy energy in their warfare against the Church; it appeared rather as if they had been only stirred up to more diabolical activity. Accordingly, it seemed fitting to the then Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XII, to warn the faithful anew against these iniquitous confederations, and he published, on March 3d, 1825, his Bull, *Quo graviora*, containing a republication of the Constitution we have already enumerated. In this Bull his Holiness reaffirmed the Apostolic condemnations of secret societies, declaring that their founders and their chiefs were the propagandists of indifference in matters of religion, and that they claimed for themselves and their organization a power of life and death over those who violated their secrets or refused obedience to whatsoever

ordinances the Lodges might send forth. In this Bull special mention is made of Freemasonry, and all the faithful are warned against association or participation of any sort in the Masonic organization. It renews the penalties of former Constitutions imposed on those who become members of it, and reserves the excommunication specially to the Holy See.

Scarcely had our present illustrious Pontiff ascended the Papal throne than he, too, hurled the anathemas of the Church against the secret societies. In his Encyclical, *Qui pluribus*, of November 9th, 1846, he re-enacted the preceding Constitutions, and made distinct mention of the Masonic brotherhood. Again, in 1865, in his Allocution of September 25th, he reaffirmed his previous condemnation, and earnestly implored of all the faithful who had had the misfortune to join the Masonic body to separate themselves from it, and return to the obedience of dutiful children.

From all this it is clear that the Church looks with horror upon the Masonic confederation, and she does so, because she holds that Masonry is working in direct antagonism to her teaching and to her interests. The struggle has reached to this: Which shall be triumphant, Masonry or Catholicity? There is no effort at concealment of the purposes of Masonry. In the *Monde Maconnique* of May, the issue is directly put: "One cannot," says that journal, "be at the same time a Mason and a Catholic." In such a struggle Catholics have no doubt of the result. They know what Christ has promised to his Church, and they know that Christ will not be wanting to his promises. But at such a time, and in face of such hostile forces ranged against her, it is not becoming that her children should be inactive. They must not cease to do battle for the cause and the interests so dear to her heart. They must be firm in their allegiance to her, and loyally obedient to all her commands. There must be no union of any sort whatever with organizations, whatever be their name, which aim at the overthrow of her authority. Companionship in secret associations must be avoided, and the children of the Church must not suffer themselves to be tempted into seeming acknowledgment of the lawfulness of such associations by sharing in any of their assemblages, whether of festivity or otherwise, remembering that by such participation they incur the anger and the punishment of their Church. Catholics have but to be earnest in their attachment to their creed, and let it struggle as it will, Masonry will be made to feel that it has encountered a foe which it is powerless to vanquish.

WHY all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What, though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies!"
And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

A RAMBLE IN SABINUM.

On the 1st of March, at sunrise, a great many years ago, two travellers, with their guide Domenico, passed out from Rome on the Via Salaria for an expedition into Sabinum. We had come chiefly for curiosity—the Englishman's occupation—to see what we could of Rome and its vicinity. A pair of light Roman horses took our vehicle at a fair pace towards Cures, now Correze; from that place we were to proceed on foot.

Our guide Domenico, a sinister-looking, servile fellow, wore an English shooting-jacket, was attended by a couple of dogs, and carried a good double-barrelled gun. He was one of those men who are spoiled and made venal by their intercourse with English and the touch of English gold. "We should, perhaps," he said, "pick up a woodcock, or some snipes, or at least some thrushes." He sought to please us by hinting a desire to get rid of religion and a priest for a king. He said that he had been, in time past, with Leo XII, who at times enjoyed the sight of a boar-hunt in Sabinum; but we did not always take Domenico's word for gospel. We soon crossed the Anio, which came down from our right, across the road—a rapid, turbid stream, with a considerable volume of water, the "Aniena fluenta," rushing on to join the Tiber. Near the confluence, and hard by the Tiber, stands Castel Giubileo—the ancient Fidenæ—on a strong hill commanding the road; it must have been a place of considerable military strength. Three miles on lies Crustumerium, now Marcigliano, on a long ridge, not of such height as the first, but strong and precipitous. We then passed several little streams running down to the Tiber, with steep banks, one of which was perhaps the Allia.

We soon saw before us the range of Mount Lucretilis, on the hither side of which lay Horace's farm, for he had from it a full view of Soracte, the top of which was visible on the other side of the Tiber, a beautiful peaked outline. It was Horace's signal for a larger supply of billets upon the hearth when the snow lay upon it—"*dum stet nive candidum.*" There was a little snow upon its further sides, but not much; while Lucretilis was considerably whitened with it in front of us. At half-past eleven we put up at Cures, some twenty or thirty miles from Rome; and here we dismissed our carriage to proceed on foot, with our knapsacks at our back. The remains of Numa's birthplace are but small—an osteria, with a few outhouses, form Correze. But the old village of Cures was in a flat somewhat further on; it must have been a hamlet of no military position or strength. A bright stream runs by it, with a gravelly bed, and, we are told, has trout of a pound weight in it. We followed the course of the pretty stream, across some fine meadows, and gradually entered a woodland scene; then, leaving the little river, turned away to the right under the hills which rose around us, and, as they opened, discovered to us our first sight of a Sabine valley, such a one as Horace had "*in votis.*" Right opposite stood Soracte, rising high in the distance towards Etruria. The valley consists of sunny slopes, or rather of glades running amid thickly-wooded slopes, over which the wild vine creeps and hangs.

We returned to Cures; and after a draught of "vile Sabinum"—which is far from despicable, being a good,

strong-bodied, and well-tasted dark wine, bearing some resemblance to Burgundy—we set out for Castel S. Pietro, a walk of some fifteen miles. We followed the rivulet, or "fosso," of Cures through a pleasant vale, and soon had peeps of the distant Sabine mountains, and the town of Farfar, on the summit of a hill. But I had not prepared myself for the pleasures of a three days' walk in Sabinum. Rocks rose from the valley like pictures in the old editions of Virgil, and the opposite side was clothed with hanging wood, like the fairy banks of the Wye. Crossing the rivulet and ascending the banks, we entered a wood upon a mountain side, and looked down on a valley through which the river Farfar was winding. Several cities upon the hills studded the vale, at the head of the valley Castel S. Pietro crowning a hilltop, and on similar heights Montopoli and Aspra. The wood was full of violets and a small, sweet bell-flower. The oaks still retained their brown leaves, and the olives and holm oaks gave an appearance of summer leafiness in the early spring. Woodmen were engaged in burning large quantities of wood for charcoal. Descending the mountain, and crossing a little stream at its foot, we gained a fresh view towards Castel Nuovo, rising on a picturesque, conical hill. The slopes around were covered with the gray olives, the black fruit of which was now ready for gathering. Evening was closing in as we crossed the bridge of the river Farfar. The stream runs clear and swift, and has trout of two and three pounds, which they spear like salmon by torchlight. Our path ascended a steep mountain side, through vineyards, to Castel S. Pietro. Short elms, with the tops and branches lopped, supported the vines. Higher upon the hill the olive trees covered the rocky ground, the soil of which was so scanty that it was a wonder they could grow so well and to such a size. A party of olive gatherers were shaking the trees or picking the black fruit, which was ripe and oily, but very bitter to the taste. A few cypress trees crowned the brow, and opposite these sat a knot of peasant girls, who had been engaged in the olive gathering. Our classical ideas were then uppermost, and the Georgics rushed to the mind:

> "Difficiles terræ, collesque maligni,
> Tenuis ubi argilla, et dumosis calculus arvis,
> Palladiâ gaudent silvâ vivacis olivæ."

We turned to look at the setting sun, which was going down behind Soracte and the Volsinian Mountains far away in Etruria; the whole valley beneath us, studded with its white cities upon the hilltops, was glowing crimson as it sank; and just as it went down we entered Castel S. Pietro. We could see the whole of our route as on a map, and St. Peter's on the horizon, though near forty miles distant. No doubt they can see distinctly from S. Pietro the glorious lighting of the dome upon Easter-eve.

There are, or were, no inns in Sabinum; so our guide Domenico took us to the parish priest, whom he highly praised as not one of your every-day men. He certainly was most hospitable, coming out to meet us with bread and wine and a basket of eggs, insisting on our eating immediately. His ejaculations of delight at seeing two strangers showed that he knew some little English, which he made us understand that he had learned in Malta. As our Italian was very scanty, we could not keep up much conversation, but made the best of our Lenten fare, and found the wine excellent. After our refreshment, the good *arciprête* took us to visit the pretty parish church, which was handsome, and had some good paintings. He rang the bell himself to summon the people for Benediction. On our return we received an invitation, through Domenico, to visit one of the chief families of the little town, and were shown into a room in a handsome

house, which our guide called the "Palazzo." The pictures and furniture bespoke wealth and station, and the party assembled was attractive in appearance, with fine classical features—the lady of the house in particular; their manners pleasing and well-bred. We retired to separate lodgings in the houses of some acquaintances of our guide; and in the morning, at five o'clock, the loud chorus of the birds awakened one scatterbrained fellow, who had planned an early bathe in the Farfar, and descended the hill to accomplish it. His purpose having been discovered, the astonishment of the early-stirring population was excessive; a glass was procured to watch him take his plunge. The water was warm for six in the morning on the 2d of March; but the act was imprudent, and was probably the cause of fever and ague on his return to Rome.

In his descent, he found the olive-gatherers already at their labor. They offered him some berries, and when he made a wry face at their bitter taste, they laughed, and, placing a few beneath the embers of a wood fire which smouldered beneath the tree, they let them roast á little space, and then gave them to him to eat. They were now agreeable, having lost their bitterness, and were soft and rich. "Have you any olives in your country?" was their question. "No, none." "O, what a country!" they exclaimed; "no olives!"

The thickets were still sounding with the chaffinch, *Acalanthide dumi*, as we started in the morning air for a tour among the hills. The morning song of birds in Italy is a shout rather than a song, so joyous and loud. The spring was just breaking, the air balmy and full of perfume, every bank and bush glancing and rustling with bright restless little lizards, playing in the sun, which was powerful enough, but not oppressive.

On our way we passed an olive-press. A mule was drawing round a heavy millstone, under which the fruit was crushed to a pulp; this is gathered into round cakes, which again are placed under a powerful press moved by a lever on a screw; the oil flows from it into a trough cut in the marble slab below, and is received in a vat beneath, from which sheepskins are filled and laid on asses, and so conveyed to Rome. The oil is as clear as the finest water, and so sweet, when it first issues, that we were invited to dip a piece of bread in it and taste it. We found it indeed sweet and pure, and delightful to the taste. After many ascents and descents through oak and hazel, we found ourselves in a new valley under Salesano, the town to which we were making our way. It is perched on a mountain-top, like the other cities of Sabinum. You would think it could have neither water nor access; but the white buildings crowning the crags are most picturesque. The view on every side was very beautiful; the hillsides covered with myrtles and evergreens full of birds and lizards, smelling of the myrtle leaf and flower, and every bud bursting under the influence of the sun, which was now hot and powerful. Low in the bottom of the vale, beneath three wild and wooded hills, on a strong, rocky, steep cone, lay a Gothic castle and town in ruins,—the "Rocca Buldesca," or Castle of Theobald, built in the feudal times; such as might have served the purpose of the Unknown in the *Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni. Our road wound through deep gorges overhung with holm oak, by the little stream which springs from the mountain of Salesano.

A friend of Domenico's came down to meet us leading a donkey, if we wished to ride, kissed Domenico on the cheek, and bowed to us. A steep ascent but good road brought us up to Salesano by midday. We were

hospitably received, and found excellent provision of omelette, bread, fruit, and wine. Salesano, as its name implies, is so healthy a little town that, with a population of about 500, only three had died in the last two years, and these of old age. The houses are open to all, for wine, olives, figs, and cheese, are so cheap and abundant that they are next to nothing in value, and as for bread, "you can get it for nothing down at Rieti yonder." We entered the church, built in the best Roman style, adorned with marble and with excellent paintings. A little child plucked the stranger by the sleeve of his blouse, and, pointing to a beautiful picture, said, with an affectionate look and smile: "Yonder is our Lady della Rosea Valle." From Salesano you view to the right the valley of the Farfar, to the left the high ranges of the snow-clad Apennines, in the front Lucretilis. There was talk in the town of gold lately discovered in the mountain just by; but they said, and truly, "What do we want with it?" They said themselves, We are happy — we want nothing—we are content and free. The young men, with their gun, hat, and feathers, were the pictures of happy and rather idle mountaineers. The curse of revolution and impiety has fallen on that once happy Paradise, to blight and destroy.

But to return. We passed from Salesano after midday, with a guide, in his brigand hat and jacket, with his gun, for we had resolved to climb the nearest of the Apennines. The valley side through which we passed was filled with evergreens and stately cypress trees; but we soon gained the naked mountain-sides; and climbing hill upon hill, each commanding a nobler view, we found ourselves, after a toilsome and hot walk, wading in the snows of the Apennines, at first in patches and then continuous, until we arrived at the summit, on which stood a wooden cross.

From this lofty point, in clear weather, both seas can be seen; through the distant haze we could catch a glimpse of the Mare Inferum, towards the west; but mountains seemed to shut the Adriatic from our view. Around us were the snowy peaks of the Apennines; below, in the wide expanse of the valley, lay the city of Rieti, with the Velinus winding its way to join the Nar through the Velino and Lugo lakes, and the dewy fields of the Rosei Campi—the "Rosea rura Velina" (Virgil, *Æn.* vii). It was such a spot as in the fancy of Virgil Alecto takes her stand upon, when

> "De culmine summo
> Pastorale canit signum . . . .
> Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
> Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini."

To the left the Tiber, rolling like a serpent through the Campagna from Etruria and the Volsinian Mountains; behind us to the southward Lucretilis, on which the snow yet lingered.

Though we cooled our cup of wine with snow, the air on the mountain-top breathed mild and soft. The blouse was sufficiently warm, though sunset was coming on. The night closed in upon us with bright deep colors over the Etrurian mountains, as we stumbled our way over rough broken paths back to Castel S. Pietro. We were glad to arrive there, and to receive the hearty welcome of our kind host, who had been at the trouble, as it was a meat-day, to go to a neighboring town to procure us a "beefsteak." We found him in a great heat, after his evening "predicazione" of an hour.

In the morning, again so clear, and ushered in by the songs of birds, the wanderer strolled out early to look down upon the "paese" or village of Boccignali, lying in a hollow of the mountains, in the midst of the vineyards. The olive-gatherers were at their morning work. The Angelus was ringing from the campanelle of the towns; Soracte and the distant Etrurian mountains were tipped with the light of the morning sun.

Our kind old host came out to bid us good-by, and begged that we would bring the whole of the family party from Rome to visit him. Two of Domenico's friends accompanied us some way in their bandit hats and jackets, and then wished us farewell with the air of Rob Roy. We returned from S. Pietro on the right side of the valley, towards the north, in the direction of Poggio Mirteto and Terni. The Farfar ran beside us some way, until we passed it by a singular natural bridge, where the river has forced itself through a projecting promontory of rock, and forms an arch, hung with ivy and evergreens, over the rapid river. Here the Farfar left us, continuing its course through hanging banks and woods. By our present route we neared Soracte, with its seven convents on its several peaks; a wood lay between us and it, the ancient "lucus Feroniæ." At length we arrived at Cures, which is now "Gabiis desertior."

While eating our omelette in the osteria, we heard loud voices below; Domenico informed us they were playing at the "Passatella," a game forbidden on account of the violence that often follows. By flinging out the fingers, as at the mora, they find a *magister vini*, who has full command for two rounds over the wine, either to make or forbid to drink, or to drink *ad libitum* himself. He then appoints a second master; and so the game proceeds, upon a fresh order of wine. The quarrel often arises when an unfortunate thirsty individual can get no compassion from the master. The occurrence was interesting from the classical antiquity of the game—"Nec regna vini sortiere talis." Again passing the Allia, and the lines of fallen masonry on the hill which mark the old site of Crustumerium, Marcigliano, we passed the Ponte Salaro over the Anio, and re-entered Rome, sunburnt by our walk, and considering that Domenico had redeemed his promise to show us some fine country and good people in Sabinum.

THE FAIREST FAIR.

(FROM ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.)

"My beloved is the mountains,
The solitary wooded valleys."
St. John of the Cross.

I.

Mountains, that upwards to the clouds arise,
Odorous with thyme, whereon the wild bees linger,
Jewelled with flowers of a thousand dyes,
Their petals tinted by no mortal finger;
How solemn in their gray-worn age they stand,
Hills piled on hills in silent majesty!
Lofty and strong, and beautiful and grand:
All this and more is my Beloved to me.

II.

Come forth into the woods,—in yonder valley,
Where rippling waters murmur through the glade;
There, 'neath the rustling boughs of some green alley,
We'll watch the golden light and quivering shade:

Or couched on mossy banks we'll lie and listen
To song-birds pouring forth their vernal glee.
Wave on, ye woods; ye faery fountains, glisten:
But more, far more is my Beloved to me.

III.

Know ye the land where fragrant winds awaken
In spicy forests hidden from the eye;
Where richest perfumes from the boughs are shaken,
And flowers unnoticed bloom and blush and die?
Sweet is th' eternal spring that there reposes
On wondrous isles that gem the sunny sea,
And sweet the gales that breathe o'er beds of roses:
But sweeter far is my Beloved to me.

IV.

The roaring torrents from the ice-cliffs leaping—
I see them foaming down the mountain side,
Through the green dells and valleys onwards sweeping,
They fill the hollows with their mighty tide:
Their voice is as the voice of many waters;
Onward they rush, exulting to be free;
But ah! their thunder fails, their music falters:
Far more than this is my Beloved to me.

V.

A gentler sound wakes in the hush of even,
The whisper of a light and cooling breeze;
It stirs when twilight shades are in the heaven,
And bows the tufted foliage of the trees;
It fans my cheek; its music softly stealing
Speaks to my heart in loving mystery.
Ah, gentle breeze! full well thou art revealing
The joy that my Beloved is to me.

VI.

Night comes at last, in mystic shadows folding
The nodding forest and the verdant lawn,
Till the day breaks, and Nature starts, beholding
The golden chariot of the coming dawn:
Then on each bough the feathered chanters, waking,
Pour forth their music over bush and tree.
Cease, cease your songs, ye birds; my heart-strings breaking
Lack words to say what Jesus is to me.

VII.

Yea, all the fairest forms that Nature scatters,
And all melodious sounds that greet the ear;
The murmuring music of the running waters,
The golden harvest-fields that crown the year,
The crimson morn, the calm and dewy even,
The tranquil moonlight on the slumbering sea,—
All are but shadows, forms of beauty given
To tell what my Beloved is to me.

RELIGION AND HEROISM.

PART THE SECOND.

"God has concealed in affliction a restorative and mysterious balsam," says Lacordaire, and this was in many ways the lesson taught by the invasion. The French people learned then, as never before, that the spirit of sacrifice is the first of all duties. Flushed with the glory of their victories and successes of every kind, they could not dream even that a time of sacrifice was rapidly approaching; still less could they dream that the *prestige*, which had so long surrounded the soldier's calling, was so soon to receive such a cruel blow. The time soon came, however, when every man was called upon to take a part, more or less active, in the war; when every Frenchman, without exception, was called upon to sacrifice himself to the good of his country. We desire only to recall here the sacrifices made by the village curés.

The Abbé Miroy, curé of the village of Cuchery, near Rheims, had just learned that his father and mother had perished in the conflagration of a neighboring hamlet, burned by the Prussians. A few days afterwards some inhabitants of the village begged their curé to allow several fowling-pieces to be concealed in a garret of the presbytery. Overwhelmed by grief, or perhaps wishing to aid them, the Abbé Miroy let them do as they wished. The next day the curé was arrested by the Prussians, carried to Rheims, thrown into a dungeon, judged by a council of war, and condemned to death. On Sunday morning, February 12th, 1871, at six o'clock, while the day was scarcely dawning, and sharp cold and silence reigned in the city of Rheims, the measured steps of many men resounded in one of the streets leading to the principal gate, and through half-opened windows the inhabitants of the city could see the gleam of bayonets. Twelve Prussian soldiers, armed and wrapped in their dark cloaks, were marching in two lines; between them walked silently a French Catholic priest, dressed in his cassock, his head, covered with a black velvet skull-cap, bowed slightly on his breast, his hands bound behind his back, so that he could not touch the rosary which hung around his neck. The end of the cord was held by a corporal. The Abbé Miroy was going to the gate of Rheims to be shot. Since his arrest he had been kept in a damp prison, and given only black bread and water; but in spite of bodily weakness his soul remained steadfast. The day before he had refused to sign a petition for pardon, saying: "I desire only to join my father and mother in a better world." The city clock struck six; a shot was heard, and the body of the Abbé Miroy rolled bleeding on the ground. He died with the resignation of a martyr and the courage of a soldier. This crime was committed during the armistice, four days after the general elections. Pious hands gave Christian burial to the martyr, his grave was covered with "immortelles," and on a monumental cross these words are inscribed: "Here rests the Abbé Charles Miroy, who died the victim of his patriotism."

The following episode of the war was gathered from French soldiers escaped from Montmédy:

We are from the Jura, soldiers of the fourth battalion of chasseurs; taken prisoners in the battle of Mouzon; fifty-three of us were guarded by a platoon of Prussian cavalry. On the fourth day we arrived in a little village of La Meuse, exhausted with

fatigue, as were also our conductors. In order to guard us more easily, the Prussians demanded from the curé the keys of the church, and we were confined there, the doors being strongly barricaded and watched by sentinels, so that we had no hope of escape. The curé had asked leave of the Prussians to remove the Blessed Sacrament. The church was ancient; there were chapels of feudal times, and walls pierced with holes looking toward the altar, exactly as in the church of Pesmes (Jura), which is near our home. We had made ourselves as comfortable as we could on the benches, and I think I had fallen asleep, when, about midnight, I heard a voice calling, "Chasseur, chasseur!" I rubbed my eyes, looked around, and saw the head of the curé projecting from a square hole in the wall, which I had taken for a cupboard to hold the cruets. "Do you want to escape from the Prussians?" asked the curé. "Indeed we do. How can we get away?" "Here; make your comrades leave the candles burning, which I have lighted on purpose, and make no noise, for the Prussians are close at hand." We were soon ready, and one after another we climbed into the opening in the wall. This opening led to an ancient chapel, in which were kept some church furniture. The window, which had no bars, was rather high, but the curé had placed a ladder, by which we descended to the garden of the presbytery, each man carrying his shoes in his hand. Thence a little gate let us out into the country, and the curé said, "Are you all here?" "Yes, Father," replied a sergeant. "Well, my friends, put on your shoes, and let us be off!" We followed the good curé in silence, no longer conscious of fatigue, for the idea of freedom gave us wings. When we had been walking two hours, the curé said, "My friends, you are out of danger from your guards. At dawn you will see three villages where there are no Prussians. You must separate and try to find clothes. And now, a pleasant journey, and may the good God guide you." "But you, Monsieur le Curé, what will become of you? The Prussians will be furious. If they find you, they will shoot you." "They will not find me, for I cannot go back." "But they will burn your house—your church." "Is it not worth while to risk my house and my church for the liberty of fifty-three such brave soldiers as you are?" We wept with emotion. The curé embraced us, and we set off. Oh, the brave man! And the rascals say the curés brought the war and the Prussians! Let them ask the fourth battalion of chasseurs.

On their entry into Sarreguemines, the Prussians demanded the keys of the church of the curé the Abbé Muller. The old man refused. "Monsieur le Curé," said an officer, "your resistance is tiresome. We are conquerors, everything belongs to us. If you do not instantly give up the keys of the church, we will take them by force, and you shall be"—

"I understand," interrupted the venerable priest. "In a military execution, how many balls do you fire upon the condemned man?" "Eight, and the *coup-de-grace*." "Well! before you enter my church to profane it, you may fire eight balls into me, and you may give me the *coup-de-grace*, then only shall you enter the church over my body."

The curé of Neuville, in the department of the Ardennes, was the Abbé Cor, more than eighty years old. Accused of having favored the march of the French, and retarded that of the Prussians, the old man was arrested. The Prussians fastened him to the tail of a horse, and in this manner dragged him over the roads and ploughed land. Often the old man fell, but a Prussian cavalier pulled him by a cord fastened to the leg of the curé; his hands and face were bleeding, his limbs bruised, his clothes in rags. Finally, the Prussians threw him into a ditch by the roadside. Seeing him thus covered with blood and mire, one of his parishioners said to him: "Monsieur le Curé, what a state you are in!" "Oh," replied the curé, "it is only my old cassock." Where in all history can we find a finer reply, or one so simple, so philosophical? "It is only my old cassock!" The body has nothing to do with it, and the soul still less.

After the battle of Forbach, the curé of Gunstatt was seized, and carried before a kind of Prussian court-martial. It is not known what was required of him, but he gave the most explicit refusal to the demands of the enemy. Some hours were given him for reflection, at the expiration of which he again refused. The council condemned him to death. A respite of two hours was still given, which the priest passed in prayer. When the Prussian soldiers came to lead him to execution, he

said in German, "I prefer death to the crime of treason to France." A few moments later he was shot.

At a great official dinner, given on the 26th of February, 1872, at Rome, by the Bavarian Ambassador, M. de Tauffkirchen, to the Prince Frederick Charles, the prince spoke these words, which find an appropriate place: "There is in France only one class upright and dignified, worthy and patriotic, this is the clergy. It was impossible not to admire their conduct on the battle-field."

At the beginning of the last war, a strong French column, escaping from the pursuit of the enemy, and trying to rejoin the *corps d'armée* to which it belonged, reached a village of Lorraine. The wooded and broken country, and lack of information about the strength and position of the Germans rendered the retreat difficult and dangerous. On entering the village the French General Camb—— halted his troops, and summoned the authorities. The mayor and most of the inhabitants were gone, but the curé remained at his post. When the curé appeared, the General, who was studying a small and very imperfect map, could not conceal his disappointment, for, indeed, the good priest seemed little fitted for the post to which the chances of war had destined him. More than seventy years old, below medium height, prodigiously stout, with head close upon his shoulders, face bloated, hands swollen, and feet in heavy *sabots*, the curé walked with difficulty, leaning on a staff. He told the General that he was tormented with gout, and that he was only a poor ignorant servant. The General, who was not stupid, discerned in the physiognomy of the priest great intelligence; his small gray eyes sparkled beneath thick eyebrows, his smile was full of expression, and under an air of rustic good nature, the General saw a quick wit, an energetic character, and the frankness of a brave and honest man. "Monsieur le Curé," said the General, "you and I must hold a little council of war." The curé took his snuff box, opened it slowly, and taking a pinch, said gayly, "I might remind you, General, that history has often shown us the Church enlightening the councils of sovereigns, and pointing out the best route for their armies. But let us come to the point. What is your aim, General? Where do you come from? Where are you going? Do you wish for fighting, or do you wish to avoid it?" The General replied to these questions with complete confidence. The curé took a pencil, and traced some lines on the map, then, after a moment's silence he said to the General: "The enemy is twenty or twenty-five kilometres from here, at a point which I have marked by an A; they will not come up with you before to-morrow morning. Your troops are weary, and must rest, but not in the village, which is commanded on all sides by hills. Three kilometres on, following the road, at the top of this little ascent, you will find a plateau, surrounded by the river, which forms a wooded peninsula, and there you will be in safety. To pursue you, the enemy will leave the highway, which is longer than the cross-road, and requires the passage of the bridge which you have seen; fearing that the bridge may be destroyed, the Prussians will come by the wood, following the line A B. They will come out, then, to-morrow morning at B, where we are; as soon as they appear, you will hear the bell of my church. The twenty or thirty soldiers, whom you will leave in the village, will withdraw without firing a shot, not by the road, that would indicate your direction, but by the little path B C. You will yourself leave the highway, and turn to the left, at the point D, where the inn of the Cheval Blanc is. Thus you will withdraw from the enemy, and put

between you the river E F, which has only one ford. Your march will be masked by hills. At evening you will have rejoined your *corps d' armée*. I will now point out to you the village houses where you will find what you need; I shall make a note of what you take, and you will sign me a receipt; but I beg of you, let there be no disorder, and respect the property of others. All the inhabitants will contribute in proportion to their means, for our defenders must live; besides," added the curé, taking another pinch of snuff, "as the Prussians are going to pillage us to-morrow, we need not be too miserly to-day."

After a moment's silence, the priest resumed: "General, you must give me four soldiers, two shall be stationed in the belfry to observe the distance, the two others shall lie in ambush with me, on the edge of the village, near the fountain. Choose two brave fellows, insensible to the cold of the night and the temptation to sleep—give me two tried soldiers, for I do not know what may await us." "Monsieur le Curé," cried the General, "you are a hero!" The merry laugh of the old priest brought on a violent cough, the snuff-box came to his aid, and he said: "The seminaries are full of heroes of my sort, and the barracks too. To love one's country is not heroism." The night was long and cold; under a thatch-covered shed three men were watching, crouched behind fagots of vine branches, listening to the least breath, and gazing intently into the darkness. They were listening for the enemy while the troops slept. Two among them were young and active grenadiers, the third was easily recognized by his cassock and white hair. The soldiers leaned upon their guns; the priest held in his hand a little altar-bell, which he was to ring when he saw the Prussians, and the men in the belfry were to sound the tocsin at the signal of the curé. All was silent except for the low tones of the old man, who prayed to God. Towards three o'clock in the morning, the curé laid his hand on the shoulder of one of the soldiers, and with his finger pointed out an object almost invisible in the depth of the forest. At a distance of a hundred metres from the shed, great trees formed a vast circle; the soldiers saw nothing but motionless trees, and shrubs stirred by the morning breeze. "See," whispered the curé, "they are creeping along behind the trunks of the oaks, they are stopping to listen." "I see nothing," said a grenadier. "Nor I," said the other. "They are assembling," resumed the old curé; "and are about to start—an officer is speaking to them in an undertone—it is time to ring. You, my friends, go quietly, and do not show yourselves. May God protect you." "We will not leave you, Monsieur le Curé; what will become of you?" "I, my children, am old and infirm; the good God will provide for me. The order of the General is for you to withdraw at the sound of the bell; obey! I give you my blessing." So saying, the priest sounded the little bell, and the tocsin responded from the belfry of the church. Shots resounded, the forest was illuminated with a thousand fires, a sudden clamor broke the stillness of the night, and clouds of smoke rose in the air. The curé knelt, made the sign of the cross, and had only time to repeat the words, "Our Father who art in heaven." A ball struck him, and he fell. The French column retreated without losing a single man, and in the evening rejoined the *corps d' armée*. The priest was not mortally wounded. Brought before a council of war, during his convalescence, he was condemned to death for treason to the German army, the sentence being commuted to imprisonment on account of his great age.

A terrible conflict was raging a few leagues from the village of Les Horties. The curé was at the altar, praying for his country, while around him the terror-stricken villagers besought God to protect them. A body of German reinforcements halted for a short rest at some distance from the scene of battle. In spite of the vigilance of the sentinels two young men crept noiselessly from bush to bush and fired four shots upon the Prussians, then bounded away and concealed themselves in a field of corn. Twenty balls whistled harmlessly about their ears, while three Prussians fell, struck in the breast, and a fourth ball grazed the eagle on an officer's helmet. A detachment of German soldiers marched immediately to the village, where they seized six inhabitants at random and carried them before the mayor. The leader of the detachment said to this functionary, "You are the first authority here; I come, therefore, in the name of my august sovereign, to tell you that the soldiers of his Majesty have been fired upon near your village. Being nearest to the scene of the crime you are responsible. You must give up to us the guilty men, or six of your inhabitants will be shot for the sake of the example. Make haste to decide; I will wait till eleven o'clock to-morrow. The execution must take place at noon, therefore you have no time to lose; meanwhile your village is under military occupation, and I keep the six prisoners." It would be useless to attempt to describe the despair of the poor villagers; with sobs and tears it was agreed that the victims should be chosen by lot. Those who had fired upon the Germans did not belong to the village; they came from a distance, and had followed the Prussian column, to choose a favorable moment for their vengeance. The day passed in discussion, in grief, and in despair. The mayor, the curé, M. Geri, and two old men more than eighty years old, vainly besought the Prussian officer for pardon, proving to him that the inhabitants were strangers to the attack. All in vain. The six unhappy men who had been chosen by lot were delivered to the Germans at five o'clock in the evening, and confined in the school-room, on the ground floor of the mayoralty. The Prussian officer authorized the curé to give them the consolations of religion. He found them in such a state of prostration that they hardly understood his words; two seemed to have fainted, and one was in the delirium of fever. At the end of the line, upright and apparently calm, was a man of forty, a widower and the only support of five young children. At first he seemed to listen with resignation to the words of the priest, but, overcome by despair, he gave way to the most fearful imprecations; then, passing from despair to tenderness, he bewailed the fate of his children, abandoned to poverty, perhaps to death. After vainly endeavoring to restore peace to this tortured soul, the curé left him and went to the headquarters of the officer; the latter, smoking calmly a great porcelain pipe, listened without interrupting. "Captain," said the curé, "we have given you six hostages, who will be shot in a few hours. None of them fired upon your troops, the guilty men having escaped. Your aim is not to punish those who attacked you, but to give an example to the inhabitants of other places. It matters little whether you shoot Peter or Paul, James or John—the better known the victim, the more salutary will be the example. I come then to ask that you will allow me to take the place of a poor father, whose death will plunge five little children into poverty. We are both innocent, but my death will be more profitable than his." "Very well," said the officer. Four soldiers led the curé to prison, where he was put in bonds with the other victims, and

the peasant returned to his home, congratulated by all. By daybreak the curé had revived the courage of his companions; the miserable men, stupefied by fear, had become, thanks to the words of the priest, glorious martyrs, sustained by Christian faith and the hope of a better life. At eleven o'clock the prisoners were led away, the curé walking at their head, reciting aloud the office of the dead. As they approached the place chosen for the execution, the attention of a Prussian major, who chanced to be passing, was attracted by the sight of the priest. The captain explained to him the affair, which seemed less a matter of course to the major than to his subordinate. He ordered the execution to be suspended, and sent a report to the General, who summoned the curé to his presence. The General was a man of courage, and after a short explanation understood the whole, saying to the curé: "Monsieur, I cannot make an exception in your favor, and yet I do not desire your death. Go, tell your parishioners that, for your sake, I pardon them all. Let it be the first and the last time." When the curé was gone, the Prussian General said to the officers who had witnessed the scene: "If all the French had the courage of this simple priest we should not be long on this side of the Rhine."

With one or two narratives of the devotion of the Sisters of Charity during the war, we must close, although our author gives many most striking and interesting instances of the noble work done by these Sisters, who were so often both nurses and mothers to the soldiers, recalling to them, when far removed from home and home influences, all that was best in their past lives. Indeed, General Ambert remarks that he has observed soldiers are cured of homesickness much sooner in hospitals served by the Sisters of Charity, than in those served by regular nurses. "The Sister alone has the secret of true charity; and homesickness is much more a mental than a bodily disease."

On the day of the battle of Reichshoffen, during the terrible retreat, a young Sister of Charity was seen making her way timidly among the crowd of disorderly soldiers, while shot and shells were cleaving the air and spreading havoc among the mass of men. Amid the tumult, she heard a cry behind her; a soldier has just fallen. The Sister stopped, knelt beside the wounded man, and was tenderly caring for him, when a cannon-ball struck her, taking off both legs, and she fell near the soldier. M. Blandeau, who relates this incident, adds: "Who can tell her name? She had none—she was a Sister of Charity. Yes; a Sister of Charity, killed in battle, near a wounded soldier; she asked nothing of us, and she gave us her life."

At Paris, during the siege, forty-seven Sisters were nursing at Bicêtre the soldiers attacked by small-pox. Eleven Sisters were struck down by the disease in a few days. The remaining thirty-six, exhausted by fatigue, and suffering from the infected air, were insufficient for the service of the ambulance. Application was made for eleven more Sisters. Thirty-two presented themselves, from whom the required number were chosen by lot. Does not this seem like one of those heroic pages of history, where brave soldiers dispute the honor of leading an assault?

An officer relates the following incident:

"Near Chalons he met a Sister of Charity and a soldier, coming towards Paris. The soldier was blind, in consequence of a wound in the head. The Prussians had left him on the road, and his comrades, made prisoners, had been unable to help him; every door was closed to the wounded soldier, and this unhappy man, still wearing the French uniform, had been forced to beg a piece of bread to eat and a little straw to sleep upon. He would have perished by the roadside, but for the Sister of Charity. The soldier, who had passed a stormy career in Africa, had no relations and no property; ill-tem-

pered and violent, he seemed to repel all sympathy. The Sister of Charity took this man by the hand to lead him to the Invalides, where, she said, he would find an asylum. As they travelled along on foot, through rain and snow, often in want, and the soldier often complaining, the Sister sustained his courage, and made him blush for his weakness; she begged for him, giving him always the best, and making herself his servant. Little by little, she spoke to him of God, of another life, and he began to listen. One morning the blind man heard the song of a lark. He stopped to listen, and a ray of brightness seemed to come over his face. Then the Sister made him kneel down. On the highway, this man, bronzed by war, hardened by excesses, without belief, without faith, and almost without ideas, knelt: his face raised to heaven, his hands clasped, his staff and his 'képy' in the dust near his knapsack, and standing before him, the Sister of Charity made him repeat his first prayer: 'Our Father who art in heaven, ...' From that day the conscience of the old soldier awoke from its long sleep; he understood the act of the Sister, and from this act his thoughts rose to him who had inspired it—to God. One night the soldier slept upon the straw in a barn, while the Sister had been taken in by the housekeeper of a country curé. The Sister passed the night in prayer. Next day, as they were stopping for a short rest, the Sister said to the soldier, 'Your eyes were not directly affected by the wound. At the ambulance, the surgeons could only heal the wound in the head. I dare not give you hope, which perhaps is only a dream; but I have a plan; instead of leading you to the Invalides, I shall take you to the first surgeons, the best oculists in Paris, and I will pray them on my knees to give you their service for the love of God, and also for the sake of patriotism. If the good God restores your sight, be a good Christian for the rest of your life. Do you promise?' The veteran fell on his knees, and remained a long time prostrate without speaking a word, his whole frame shaken by sobs. Three months later the miracle of charity was accomplished; the soldier had recovered his sight, and the Sister, having returned to her school, was teaching little peasant girls to read. If you go to the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, towards five o'clock in the evening, you will see a man kneeling by the altar-railing—it is the soldier, who is praying for the Sister of Charity."

HYPOCRISY AND CANDOR.

Tom says he always tells the truth,
  Though an unpleasant duty;
While Jack, a less punctilious youth,
  Would praise a Satyr's beauty.

But somehow, when you hear them both,
  Their diff'rent manners trying,
You take Jack's praises nothing loath,
  And hope that Tom is lying.

You know that Jack is not sincere,
  While Tom is full of virtue;
But one can *sometimes* please your ear,
  The other's *sure* to hurt you.

Jack's ready lie has such success,
  'Twill please you though you doubt it;
Tom never tells the truth, unless
  You'd rather be without it.

Falsehood a paltry vice may be—
  Plain-speaking may be grander—
But, though I hate Hypocrisy,
  I loathe too fulsome Candor.

CURIOUS CLOCKS.

It is probable that from the most remote times there have been methods of different kinds, and instruments of various forms and principles used to keep some kind of an account of time. Indeed the variation of lengths and different positions of the shadows cast by vertical objects (a phenomenon that was open to the observation of all) must have caused the morning, noon, and evening to have been readily distinguished. The "gnomon," which subsequent improvements converted into a "solaria" or sun-dial, was doubtless one of the first instruments employed in the measurement of time; the exact date of its invention is not clearly known, but it was evidently at a very remote period. The dial of Achaz, mentioned by Isaias, must have existed about 713 years before the birth of Christ; and it is a curious example of the scanty communication which then existed between the various nations of the earth that this instrument was unknown to the Greeks until about 80 years afterwards. The first sun-dial employed at Rome was placed near the Temple Quirinus by Papirius Cursor, the Roman general, 293 B.C.; prior to that period it appears that they had no mode of calculating the intermediate points of time which occurred in the calendar but what was furnished by the sun's rising and setting. Soon after this the sun-dial became so great a favorite with the Romans that they offered large sums of money for instruments of this description. But it will be apparent to all that the sun-dial would be useless to distinguish the hours at night and in cloudy weather. Accordingly we find that the "Clepsydra," or water-clock, was employed at a very early period; and Vitruvius states that it was much improved by Ctesibius of Alexandria. It was probably a mere float with a rod fixed upon it like a mast, and placed in a vessel with a hole in the bottom; as the water ran out the float descended, and figures marked on the rod, at proper intervals, showed the number of hours elapsed. It is evident, however, that these water-clocks would be far from perfect, for the water would not run equally, as a greater quantity must pass out in any given time when the vessel was full than after it was emptied of a portion of its contents. A reference to the nature of hydrostatic pressure will sufficiently account for this fact. The sand-glass, made like the modern minute-glass, was also used by the ancients, as appears from a bas-relief representing the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, in which a figure of Morpheus is represented holding a glass of this description.

Having glanced at the early history of time-measuring previous to the introduction of clock-work, or more properly wheel-work, we will pass at once to a brief description of two of the most curious of the clock-spheres of the ancients. The first of these is that mentioned by Eusebius, which belonged to Sapor, one of the Persian kings. According to Cardan, an illustrious mathematician of the middle of the sixteenth century, it appears to have been a large and peculiarly constructed sphere, and that Sapor could sit in the middle of it and see its stars rise and set, and that it was made of glass. But he does not state whether this curious machine was moved by wheel-work or not, but as he states that the stars in it appeared to rise and set we may therefore infer that it was.

The second, the most celebrated

of all the clock-spheres of the ancients, is that of Archimedes, unquestionably one of the greatest geniuses of the age in which he lived, and who, as his works now extant amply testify, was deeply versed in all the mechanism then known, and which his transcendent genius greatly improved. Both friend and foe bear testimony to his great mechanical skill, as more especially exemplified in his glorious but unfortunate defence of Syracuse, against the Roman legions under Marcellus.

With respect to this clock-sphere it is not a little remarkable that it is not mentioned by him in any of his works, and we are therefore compelled to resort to contemporary historians; and what is more to be regretted, these authors do not give any clear account of this celebrated clock-sphere, being in many instances nothing more than mere passing remarks; from which we gather that Archimedes constructed a sphere which combined in it the motion of the sun, the moon, and the planets. Though these brief and imperfect allusions are sufficient to let us know that such a machine had been made by Archimedes, yet they convey no satisfactory information with regard to the nature of its construction and the purposes to which it was applied. By far the most accurate description is that given by Claudian:

"When Jove espied in glass his heavens made,
He smiled, and to the other gods thus said:
'Tis strange that human art so far proceeds
To ape in brittle orbs my greatest deeds,
The heavenly motions, nature's constant course.
Lo, here old Archimede to art transfers
The inclosed spirit, here each star doth drive,
And to the living work some motions give.
The sun in counterfeit his year doth run,
And Cynthia to her monthly circle turn.
Since now bold man worlds of his own descried,
He joys, and the stars by human art can guide,
Why should we so admire proud Solomon's cheats,
When one poor hand nature's chief work repeats.'"

And here again, although we have quoted at much length, we have derived but little information respecting the mechanism of the sphere; however, we have learned that in it the sun, moon, and stars had each of them their proper motions and positions given to them; and this motion curiously enough is assigned by Claudian as the work of some kind spirit, for he says: "*Inclusus variis famulator spiritus astris.*" What this inclosed spirit really was, will not take us much time to discover, for from the great mechanical celebrity of Archimedes we may assume it to have been neither more nor less than a well-contrived combination of wheels, weights, springs, pulleys, or some such kind of clockwork, which being artfully concealed from the public view, would in those times be readily accounted the agency of some spirit or divine power; but we must not suppose the poet to have been entirely ignorant of the action, for he states in effect the Archimedes stars "are governed by human art."

French historians describe a clock sent to Charlemagne in the year 807, by the famous Eastern caliph, Haroun al Raschid, which excited considerable attention at the French court. In the dial were twelve small doors, forming the divisions for the hours; each door opened at the hour marked by the index, and let out small brass balls, which falling on a bell struck the hour, a great novelty at that time. The doors continued open until the hour of twelve, when twelve mounted knights came out and paraded round the dial-plate, and afterwards went in at the open doors, which they closed after them. This clock must certainly have been furnished with some kind of wheel-work, although the motive power is said to have been water.

The earliest complete clock moved by weights, of which there is any certain record, was constructed early in the thirteenth century. It was the work of a Saracen mechanic, who received £2000 for his ingenuity. This clock, which is stated to have kept time very accurately, was presented to the Emperor Frederick II by the Sultan of Egypt, under whose direction it was made.

Striking clocks moved by wheels and weights are first mentioned by Dante, the Italian poet, who flourished during the early part of the fourteenth century. About the same time one was put up in the south transept of Glastonbury Abbey. It was constructed by Peter Lightfoot, one of the monks of that justly celebrated monastery, and by means of a communication tolled the hours on the great bell of the central tower, whilst the quarters were struck by automata on two small bells in the transept. The dial showed the hours and also the changes of the moon and other astronomical motions; on its summit there was a horizontal frame, which exhibited by aid of machinery eight knights on horseback, armed for a tournament, and pursuing each other with a rapid rotatory motion. At the dissolution of the monastery this clock was removed to Wells Cathedral. In 1835 the works were so worn away that they were replaced by new ones, the curious old dial and equestrian knights being still retained.

The famous astronomical clock made by Richard de Wallingford, Abbot of St. Albans, in the reign of Richard II, continued to go until the reign of Henry VIII, at which time it is mentioned in high terms of admiration by Leland, saying that all Europe could not produce such another. This celebrated piece of mechanism represented the motions of the sun, moon, and stars; the ebbing and flowing of the sea, and in short the figures, operations, and effects of all the heavenly bodies. The inventor of this curious clock was the son of a blacksmith, and was bereft of his parents at the early age of ten years. On which the Prior of Wallingford took him under his care and prepared him for the University of Oxford. He was elected Abbot of St. Albans on the 30th of October, 1326, succeeding his friend and patron, Hugo, the twenty-seventh abbot.

The clock in Exeter Cathedral was erected by Bishop Courtenay in the year 1480. It is on the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and of a curious construction for the age in which it was put up. The earth is represented by a globe in the centre; the sun by a *fleur-de-lis;* and the moon by a ball, painted half black and half white, which turns on its axis, and shows the different phases of that luminary.

Mr. Gainsborough, of Henley-on-Thames, who died October 27th, 1775, made a clock of peculiar construction. It told the hour by a little ball, and was kept in motion by a leaden bullet, which dropped from a spiral reservoir at the top of the clock into a little ivory bucket. This was was so contrived as to discharge it at the bottom, and by means of a counter weight was carried up to the top of the clock, where it received another bullet which was discharged as the former. This was evidently an attempt at perpetual motion. This clock was presented to Mr. Philip Thicknesse, who gave it to the British Museum, where it is now deposited.

In the year 1850 a most curious clock was exhibited in London. It was richly gilt and elaborately engraved; it stood about four feet high, independent of the pedestal. It was of architectural design, and divided into three stories having detached columns at each corner. The two lower stories contained the dials in the front; the upper story exhibited a group of moving silver figures, which struck the hours and quarters, and moved in procession during the playing of a tune by a chime of bells. The whole was surmounted by a dome whereon was placed a silver cock, which flapped its wings and crowed when the clock struck. It was made by Isaac Hahrecht (one of the artisans employed in the erection of the clock at Strasbourg Cathedral) in 1589. It performed all the feats of that celebrated clock,

which is regarded as one of the most curious in Europe. Its reputed history, as set forth in the printed account of it is, that it was made for Pope Sixtus V, and was for more than two hundred years in the Vatican. It subsequently came into the possession of the King of the Netherlands, and was afterwards purchased by Mr. O. Morgan, in whose valuable collection of curious clocks and watches it now is.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

No wonder that the Allocution delivered by the Pope, on March 12th, should have excited such universal attention in Europe. It is an arraignment of the crimes and hypocrisies of the Italian Government before the whole world. It pictures in forcible language the long series of outrages perpetrated since the hour when the misfortunes of France were so meanly taken advantage of by the nation she had liberated, and when Rome was sacrilegiously seized. He recites the various acts still perpetrated, the seizure and sale of the ecclesiastical property, the suppression of convents, the law by which the clergy were made subject to the conscription, the late law on so-called "clerical abuses," and the enforcement of the "Regnum Placitum."

It also speaks of the condition of Rome, of the outrages perpetrated on the clergy at large, and it exposes the hypocritical nature of the so-called guarantees. It rejects the idea of reconciliation being possible, and it again declares that the Pope is not free, that he never can be while Rome is held by the Italian Government. In conclusion, after thanking Catholics for their generosity under the sad circumstances of the case, he appeals to them to still further assist the Holy See in the midst of these trials, declaring that the aim and object of the revolution is to destroy every vestige of the Catholic religion in Italy.

Bismarck has received leave of absence for a year, and it is supposed that this is the beginning of the end, and that this foremost "blood and iron" statesman, who attempted to build up and cement the unity of Germany and succeeded, and who attempted to create also a powerful "German National Catholic Church," distinct from the Papacy, and independent of the Holy See, and failed, will retire for good.

Will the retirement of the German Chancellor materially alleviate the position of the Church in Germany? We suppose it will, for Bismarck was the soul of the anti-Catholic movement, and his iron will, which brooked no opposition, was wellnigh irresistible, except when it attacked the Church. His history has to be written, but his epitaph might well be, "Here lies a strong statesman, who, undeterred by the lessons of experience, assailed the Church. He failed in this, although he could overthrow an empire."

Will his work last? Only time can show. Three things are, however, plain; first, that Alsace and Lorraine are still discontented with the German Empire; second, that the German Democratic Socialists are becoming more powerful; and, third, that Bavaria and the South German States are evidently ill at ease.

On the Feast of St. Benedict, the great Patriarch of Western Monasticism, the Right Rev. Innocent Wolf, D.D., O.S.B., first Mitred Abbot of St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas, was solemnly consecrated and installed. Right Rev. Louis M. Finck, D.D., O.S.B., of Leavenworth, Right Rev. J. J. Hogan, D.D., of St. Josephs, and Right Rev. James O'Connor, of Nebraska, were present and assisted, and Right Rev. Rupert Seidenbent, D.D., O.S.B., Vicar-Apostolic of Northern Minnesota, preached the sermon.

Right Rev. Abbot Wimmer, O.S.B., of St. Vincent's, Pa., and Right Rev. Alexius Edelbrock, O.S.B., of St. Louis on the Lake, were present.

To the intelligent and thoughtful Catholic there is something very remarkable in the revival of the Benedictine Order in America, as indicated by the increase in the number of abbots and abbeys. The vitality of this grand old historic order is astonishing. Carry the mind back two centuries ago, and you will see the Benedictines writing learned treatises in such numbers that it was said "the shelves of Europe groan under the weight of the Benedictine folios." Look back for five centuries, and you see the members of the same order high in Church and State, assisting in the government of kingdoms by their wisdom, and aiding the Popes by their counsels, often themselves occupy-

ing St. Peter's chair. Look back a thousand or fourteen hundred years, and the members of the same order are seen cultivating the waste places of the earth and aiding in the civilization of desolated Europe.

And now, in the nineteenth century, and on a continent new to civilization, we see there is still work to be done by the Benedictines, and that still there are Benedictines to do it. They seem as imperishable as the Church itself.

WHY do Catholics, who are generally of the poorer class, build such fine and expensive churches? Is it not extravagance when there are so many poor? A very plain question this, and one which requires a very plain answer, as it may not have occurred to every one to consider the subject carefully.

In the first place, the very *genius and essence* of the Catholic religion requires it. The very centre of the Catholic faith is the belief that Jesus Christ is really present in our temples, as much so (although in a different manner) as he was in Judea and Galilee, eighteen hundred years ago. Consequently an ideal and perfect church edifice is nothing more nor less than a palace for a great King, a hymn of praise and adoration in stone, a petrified act of adoration, so to speak. This reason is of itself all-sufficient.

Secondly, "a liberal soul deviseth liberal things." If liberality is cultivated as a habit of mind by the custom of giving liberally to churches, then equal liberality will be shown in other matters.

Find a country where there is no liberality in erecting churches, and you will find a country where there is no liberality to the poor. Show us a parish where there is carelessness about the church, and there will be found carelessness about the school. Observe a parish where faith is so dead that "anything will do for the church" (if there is such a parish); and it will be found, also, that anything will do for the poor, or the schools, or the Pope, or the people. The principle is the same even in Protestant countries. In England, for a century, faith was dead in every form of religion, the people spent no money on their own churches, and the poor lived, suffered, and died in unspeakable misery, sin, and degradation. What was saved from the church was spent in selfishness, not on the poor. This is a rule with no exceptions.

The third point is the building of churches, economically considered, employs a whole host of persons—architects, painters, sculptors, builders, bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, stonecutters, roofers, plumbers. It gives occasion for the exhibit of every variety of talent, from the genius of a Michael Angelo, a Bramante, a Pugin, a Sir Christopher Wren, to the humbler forms of industry.

When Catholics were, heretofore, compelled to worship in small churches, in dingy corners, the fastidious were scornful. Now, when elegant and costly churches are erected, the croakers grumble. But there are, fortunately, few of them, and they of little influence.

THE Bishops of the Province of Quebec, in a recent pastoral, say: "Let us suppose a candidate or a party openly declaring an intention to destroy the Catholic Church, is it not evident that no Catholic may, without committing grave sin, vote in favor of such a candidate or such a party? And, in such a case, which we suppose here in order to make our thought more evident, in such case, we say, is it conformable with the most elementary notions of justice and reason that a priest should be condemned to keep silent, or only make himself understood by timid counsels, advice, recommendations or exhortations, instead of speaking out squarely what is the strict and religious duty of a child of the Catholic Church? This is, however, the consequence which appears to us to result from this passage of the judgment in question: 'I admit without the slightest hesitation, and with the sincerest conviction, the right of the Catholic priest to preach on the definition of religious dogma and every point of ecclesiastical discipline; I deny to him, in the present instance, as in every other analogous one, the right to indicate any individual or any political party, and to signalize or denote one or the other to public indignation in accusing them of Liberal Catholicism or any other religious error. And, above all, I deny to him the right of saying that he who contributes to the election of such a candidate commits a great sin.'"

This judgment lately given in a Canadian court touches very important issues, and to these we have before referred. The declaration of the Bishops of Quebec is plain and seems conclusive. Party lines seem broader in Canada than they do here, and perhaps that is why it seldom becomes necessary for such questions to be discussed here. But the day may not be far off when the issues will have to be met even in the United States.

THE Irish Land Bill was rejected by an overwhelming majority last month in the British Parliament. This is due partly to the fear of the landed proprietors that it would impair their rights, partly to the existing prejudice against all reforms, which is shown by the strength of the present Conservative Cabinet, and partly by the public attention being so exclusively fixed on affairs in the East.

MONSEIGNEUR NARDI deserves more than a passing notice. He is dead, but the influence of his exertions will be long felt in the Catholic press. He highly appreciated the importance of cultivating and increasing Catholic papers. He wrote for the *Voce della Verita* and other Catholic papers; he wrote also a number of plain religious tracts of great value in disabusing the minds of people in Italy who had been perverted by the revolutionists.

Catholic journalism is, nowadays, not merely a luxury but a necessity. Every one reads, every one is familiar with the events of the day, consequently if the Catholic side of these events is not placed before them, erroneous ideas and prejudices are confirmed. No ordinary talent is needed to make a good Catholic paper. It needs judgment, industry, perseverance, familiarity with, at least, English literature, loyalty to and acquaintance with Catholic faith and practice, a good share of brevity and good temper, and a capacity of stating *old* truths in a *fresh* manner. These qualities are not often found combined, and consequently we often see failures, and oftener still successes that ought to be failures. No doubt, however, the tone and style of Catholic periodical literature in this country is improving rapidly. It is in nearly every country, in Germany and Italy, as well as in America.

SINCE the happy death of the venerable Brother Philip, Superior-General of the Order, no Christian Brother has left, at his departure from this earthly scene, a greater void in its well-filled ranks than Brother Facile. He filled various offices of honor and trust in the Institute of the Christian Brothers during his long life in holy religion, amongst others that of Assistant Superior-General; but particularly Brother Visitor to the American Province, that is to say, the United States and British America.

Few persons really appreciate the sublime self-sacrifice of a Christian Brother. He gives up his name, his property, his free-will; he gives up all hope of enjoying the joys of domestic life; he devotes himself to a task irksome and full of trials, the teaching of wayward boys, who cannot appreciate his labors and trials, and who oftentimes vex his soul and try his temper. In some respects he has to give up more than a priest, for a priest retains his name, may acquire property, and is not under so much restraint. A priest may become a prelate, at all times he may have the consolation of having the affection and respect of a congregation. This, we suppose, is why vocations for the Christian Brothers is so rare. Too much respect cannot be paid to a Christian Brother; they are heroes greater than Alexander, Napoleon, or Cæsar.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA extends from Newfoundland northwest to the Pacific at Vancouver's Island, and northward to the farthest region yet reached by the Arctic explorers. The Dominion, including Newfoundland, contains 3,524,182 square miles, exclusive of Newfoundland, which has 146,536 inhabitants; the population of the Dominion in 1871 was 3,485,761, of whom 1,492,029, or about 43 per cent. were Catholics. There are five archiepiscopal provinces, Quebec, Halifax, Toronto, Boniface, and Oregon, containing twenty-two dioceses, some of them vicariates apostolic. Newfoundland has two dioceses, a prefecture apostolic, and about 120,000 Catholics, and is immediately subject to the Holy See. The Archbishop of Oregon, in the Republic of the United States, has spiritual jurisdiction of the suffragan See of Vancouver's Island, within the Dominion of Canada, while the French Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, within Canadian waters, are under a prefecture apostolic. These twenty-five or more dioceses present the most divergent features as to physical position and extent, population, race, civilization, foundation, and relation to government.

THE protocol is signed, and the horizon shows the dawn of peace. The Turks have a year's grace. Turkey and Russia will disarm gradually. England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Russia will have an eye on the Christians in Turkey, and hold the Turkish government responsible if outrages are perpetrated on them, and the Ottoman Parliament will apply itself to the settlement of the entangled affairs of the empire. Montenegro will get a seaport, and Servia remain a tributary of the Porte as formerly.

At least this was the case at first sight. But lo and behold, Turkey declines, according to later accounts, either to give a seaport to Montenegro, or to disarm, or to have anything to do with the protocol in any shape. The blood of the Ottomans is up, they have been buying enormous quantities of ammunition from America, and they seem determined to do and die sooner than surrender an inch of territory or submit to any foreign interference. So everything looks cloudy again, and all eyes are once more turned on the Czar to see what Russia will do now.

THIS is the Pope's *room* in the "Palace," as described by a visitor: "The room is not very large, and is almost devoid of ornament; there are but few articles of furniture, and these are of such simplicity as would suit the cell of a Capuchin. The bed, which is narrow and low, is without curtains or other ornaments, and very nearly resembles the

bed of a student in a seminary; there is not even a carpet on the floor, which is of brick, so worn as to be hollowed in parts." The Holy Father, knowing that this priest's sight was not of the best, told him to be careful how he should walk on the broken floor. The fact is that a janitor occupying a small apartment near the door of the British Museum could be said with as much truth to occupy that new establishment, as the Pope to occupy the Vatican Palace.

The Holy Father lives in the simplest style, and the Vatican is at once a large museum and a small town, for the accommodation of the attendants and officials.

THE counties of Schuylkill, Carbon, Columbia, and Northumberland, all in Pennsylvania, have been dissevered from the Ancient Order of Hibernians, as places where the societies of this Order were infected with Molly Maguireism.

The board of directors of the Ancient Order, recently appointed at the convention in New York, has published an address repudiating the Mollies, and declaring they condemn and renounce them, and desire to be in harmony with the rules of the Catholic Church.

Experience has, however, proved that no reliance is to be placed on these declarations. Bishop O'Hara declares that he was deceived, and his assertion is confirmed by that of others. No doubt the Order numbers many good and honest Irishmen in its ranks, but a cloud rests on it, and this cloud it will take a great deal more than mere assertion to dispel.

REV. E. MCQUIRK, of Wisconsin, Rev. Father Smith, S.J., of Philadelphia, and Father Titta, O.S.F., of St. Anthony's, New York, are among the good and holy priests lately deceased. The ordinations are, however, very numerous this year.

THE Catholic members of the British House of Commons met recently in the Conference Rooms of the Palace of the Legislature at Westminster, to take into consideration the most fitting way of commemorating the Golden Jubilee. The Chevalier O'Cleary moved a resolution, which was seconded by Mr. Owen Lewis, that a suitable address from the Irish Catholic members of Parliament should be presented to his Holiness Pope Pius IX, on the occasion of his approaching jubilee.

According to all appearances the forthcoming Golden Jubilee of the Episcopate of the Holy Father will be very appropriately celebrated. The celebration of the 21st of May, which is the anniversary of his nomination to the See of Spoleto, was gotten up by the Roman laity. That of the 3d of June, the anniversary of his consecration, is the proper ecclesiastical Jubilee, and the occasion on which the chief celebration will take place.

BISHOP-ELECT SPALDING will be consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, by Cardinal McCloskey, on May 1st, the feast of the Apostles, SS. Philip and James. Bishop Rosecrans of Columbus, O., will preach. After his consecration Bishop Spalding will preach at the dedication of St. Agnes's Church, New York, and will subsequently deliver a farewell address in the Church of St. Michael, Ninth Avenue and Thirty-first Street, previous to his departure for his Western See.

THERE are some changes to be noted in the Catholic press. The *Southern Cross* of Savannah has suspended, but on the other hand a new Irish paper, called the *Globe*, has been started in New York, and the semi-monthly temperance paper has been turned into a weekly. Another attempt is being made to start a daily in Montreal in place of the defunct *Sun*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE VARIOUS CONTRIVANCES BY WHICH ORCHIDS ARE FERTILIZED BY INSECTS. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., etc. Second Edition, revised. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1877.

Charles Darwin is known far and wide as the great supporter of a theory of life which bears his name. Every one familiar with his writings must be satisfied that he is an observer of the facts of material nature of no ordinary merit, that he is careful, honest, and sincere in his statements of the facts observed; but when it comes to the interpretation of facts thus faithfully recorded, differences of opinion necessarily arise. And though the opinions of Mr. Darwin have enlisted in their support many persons of unquestionable ability and scientific attainments, yet other scientists of equal ability

earnestly oppose the conclusions of Mr. Darwin and his followers. It may be well here to say, that many of the ideas that are commonly attributed to him, and for which in the popular mind he has been made responsible, are not really his, but are only inferences, often unwarranted and illogical, which others have deduced from his statements.

It is not of course our intention to attempt here a criticism, much less a discussion, either of Mr. Darwin's own views or of those that, rightly or wrongly, have been attributed to him. The limited space at our command renders this entirely impossible.

The book before us is a very clear exposition of ascertained facts of great interest to naturalists. It shows in a very conclusive manner, how, through the agency of insects, the propagation of certain species of Orchids is effected where self-propagation is impossible, and illustrates very beautifully the perfect adaptation of the organs of the flowers to the habits of the insects which visit them. The different species are visited by different insects, each species having peculiarities of structure which exactly adapt them to the peculiar habits of the particular insects which visit them. Thus some are fertilized by bees, others by flies, others by moths, etc.

While the subject of the work is of interest to scientists, the style in which it is written, and the manner in which its topics are treated, adapt it to the comprehension of intelligent readers generally.

TRANSFER OF ERIN: OR THE ACQUISITION OF IRELAND BY ENGLAND. By Thomas C. Amory. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1877.

This book has evidently cost its author much labor and reading. It contains a large amount of information that will be interesting to persons who are concerned in tracing out the feuds and contentions of native chieftains and English intruders into Ireland. But it starts with a false idea, which runs through it from beginning to end, and renders it valueless as a history.

The idea to which we refer may be gathered from the first few sentences of the preface:

"For a large portion of the period which elapsed from the Anglo-Norman invasion to the reign of Queen Anne, the history of Ireland was little else than a struggle to acquire or retain property and possession of the soil. Conflicts of race and creed . . . . modified or disguised the issues and the strife, but the root of Irish discontentment, resentment and resistance was the systematic spoliation which finally succeeded in divesting the descendants of the ancient proprietors of all interest in their native land."

The writer who can make this statement, and, in accordance with it, ignore and systematically omit all reference to the principles both of religion and of patriotism, which formed the very soul of the long and persistent struggle of the people of Ireland against England's aggressions and tyranny, is clearly unfitted, morally and intellectually, to give any fair and reliable account of that struggle. An examination of the work throughout fully bears us out in these remarks.

POPULAR LIFE OF OUR HOLY FATHER, POPE PIUS IX. Drawn from the most reliable Authorities. By the Rev. Richard Brennan, A.M, Pastor of "St. Rose's Church," New York. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers, Printers for the Holy See, 1877.

We are habitually inclined to distrust "popular" histories and biographies; composed not for the highly educated, but for the "masses" of the people, they are too frequently superficial, inaccurate, and sensational. But the work before us is free from all these faults. It is a popular biography of our Holy Father, not in the bad but in the good sense of the term. In other words it is a work which avoids all technicalities and questions of difficult comprehension, and is thus well adapted to the popular mind. At the same time persons of higher education and culture will read it with interest and profit. Its publication at the present juncture of affairs is timely. Among other wicked machinations of evil men to obscure and pervert truth, false representations of the facts and events in the life of our present Sovereign Pontiff have been resorted to; and since commencing to write this notice, we have seen a paragraph in a daily newspaper stating that a Liberalist, well known as a writer of sensational fictions, is engaged in "writing a life of Pope Pius IX." It needs no gift of prophecy to foretell that a biography of our Holy Father emanating from such a source, can be nothing else than a misrepresentation and a travesty from beginning to end.

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